



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

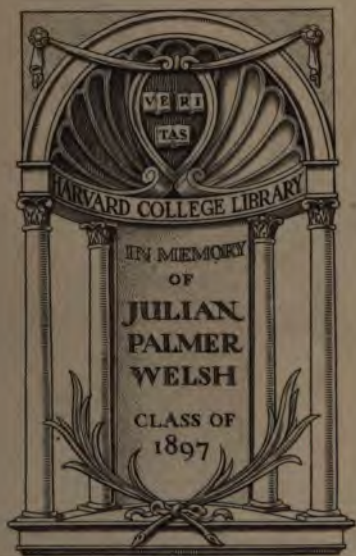
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









INCHBALD'S
BRITISH THEATRE.

37-29
18

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.

THE
BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,
A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

The Theatres Royal,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, HAYMARKET, AND LYCEUM.

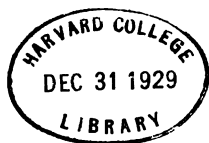
PRINTED, UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,
FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

A NEW EDITION.
IN TWENTY VOLUMES.
VOL. VIII.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. 90, CHEAPSIDE.
1824.

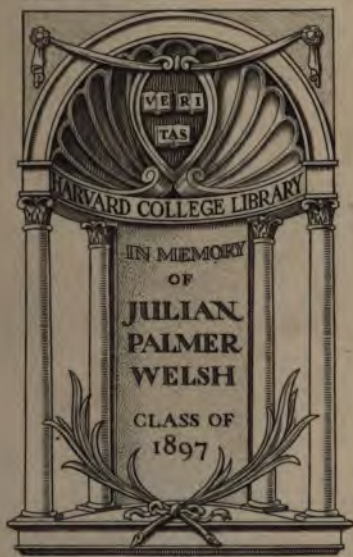
11432. 39.5

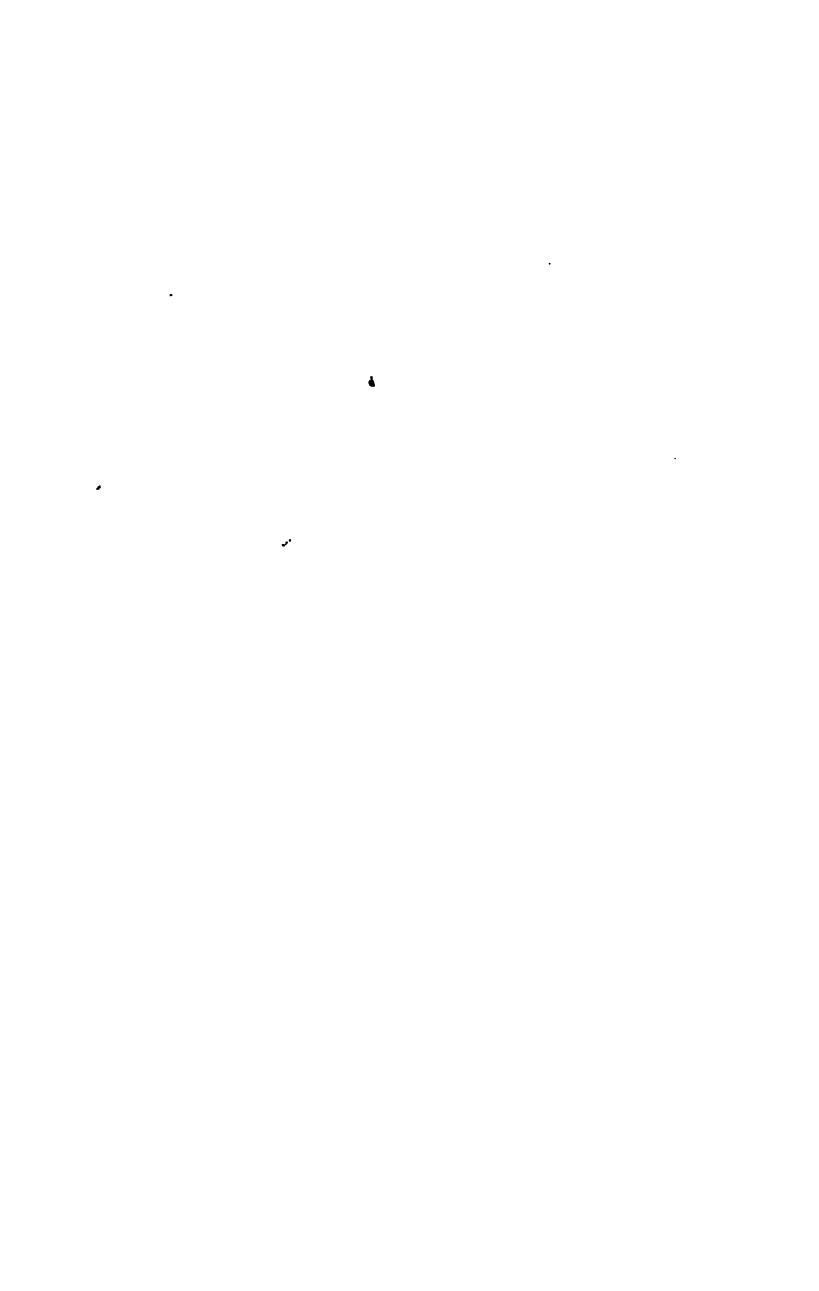


Welsh fund

Jane Shore
Antony & Cleopatra
King John
King Henry 4th 14th
The Revenge









INCHBALD'S
BRITISH THEATRE.

BUNGAY :
Printed by J. and R. Childs.

REMARKS.

EXCEPT in one particular, Rowe has been perfectly historical in this play.

Jane Shore was, as he has represented, accused of witchcraft; and proof of her guilt, in that instance, having failed, she was next charged with the crime of adultery,—an accusation it was in vain to deny; and by sentence of the ecclesiastical court, she was made to perform penance in St. Paul's church, and then to walk barefooted through some of the adjoining streets.

But Jane Shore perishing for hunger is the fiction of an old ballad, and no intelligence from history; or, if she did expire for want of food, it was not in consequence of any judgment passed upon her, as she lived to an advanced age before the event took place: for Sir Thomas More assures his readers, that in the reign of Henry VIII. forty years after her humiliating punishment was inflicted, he has frequently seen her gathering herbs, in a field near the city, for her nightly repast.—She was now, he adds, “extremely old and shrivelled, without one trace of her former beauty.”

Rowe has produced, from the incidents of her singular life, this favourite play.—The wife of a goldsmith of Lombard-street has drawn tears from the

rich and the poor for these hundred years past ; and will never cease having power over the hearts of an audience, whilst an actress can be found to represent her, and her sorrows, with apparent truth.

Of the other characters of this tragedy little can be said in praise, except of Alicia ; and it is curious to observe, how widely two learned critics have differed in their opinion respecting the merit of this part.—Dr. Johnson says, “ Alicia is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow, or natural madness.”

Whilst Dr. Wharton has said, “ The interview between Jane Shore and Alicia, in the fifth act, is very affecting, where the madness of Alicia is well painted.”

To reconcile these two opposite criticisms, it may be supposed, that those great critics spoke as spectators, not as readers ; and the one had seen a good, and the other a bad actress, perform the part.

Alicia can surely be rendered as pathetic as Jane Shore, provided the character is acted with equal skill : for, though Jane has the advantage of her friend, in being the personage whom the auditors have come purposely to see, and of whom they have heard speak from their childhood, yet Alicia's calamities are far more heavy than those of the famished Shore.—The former is tortured by the most poignant remorse that human nature can sustain—her conscience is loaded with a fellow-creature's death—nor has she the enjoyment of malice to diminish her

sense of guilt ; as she became a murderer through the wild extravagance of love, not hate.

The parting scene between her and the condemned Hastings, where he forgives her as the cause of his immediate execution, has something more affecting than the last scene of the drama, where Shore forgives his dying wife. The husband's pardon comes, after time has softened and penitence mitigated his wrongs—the lover forgives a more fatal injury, and its consequences that moment impending.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
DUKE OF GLOSTER	<i>Mr. Cooper,</i>	<i>Mr. Egerton.</i>
LORD HASTINGS	<i>Kean,</i>	<i>Young.</i>
LORD STANLEY	<i>Read,</i>	<i>Jefferies.</i>
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF	<i>Webster,</i>	<i>Horrebow.</i>
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY	<i>Vining,</i>	<i>Connor.</i>
DUMONT	<i>Pope,</i>	<i>Bartley.</i>
BELMOUR	<i>Barnard,</i>	<i>Claremont.</i>
JANE SHORE	<i>Miss Edmiston,</i>	<i>Miss O'Neill.</i>
ALICIA	<i>Mrs. Egerton,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bunn.</i>

JANE SHORE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Tower.

Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

Glo. Thus far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answer'd to my wish ;
The queen and all her upstart race are quell'd ;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers,
Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, named me
Protector of the realm. My brother's children,
Young Edward and the little York, are lodged
Here, safe within the Tower.—How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face ?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.

Rat. Then take them to you,
And wear them long and worthily. You are
The last remaining male of princely York,
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of them,)
And therefore on your sov'reignty and rule,

The commonweal does her dependence make,
And leans upon your highness' able hand.

Cat. And yet to-morrow does the council meet,
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.
Who can expound this riddle?

Glo. That can I.

Those lords are each one my approved good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no farther than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.

Cat. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his power,
Of whom I wish your highness were assured.
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own, I doubt of his inclining much.

Glo. I guess the man, at whom your words would
point :

Hastings——

Cat. The same.

Glo. He bears me great good-will.

Cat. 'Tis true, to you as to the Lord Protector,
And Gloster's Duke, he bows with lowly service :
But were he bid to cry, "God save King Richard!"
Then tell me in what terms he would reply?
Believe me, I have proved the man, and found him :
I know he bears a most religious reverence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,
And whither that may lead him is most plain.
Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.

Glo. And yet this tough impracticable heart
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl!
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering she

Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.

Rat. The fair Alicia,
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.

Cat. I fear, he fails in his allegiance there,
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him till he loaths.

Glo. No more, he comes.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Health, and the happiness of many days,
Attend upon your grace.

Glo. My good lord chamberlain,
We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.

Hast. My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.

Glo. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure
freely.

Hast. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.

Glo. Say you, of Shore?

Hast. Once a bright star, that held her place on
high;

The first and fairest of our English dames,
While royal Edward held the sov'reign rule.

Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall excite

Envy in woman, or desire in man.

She never sees the sun, but through her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.

Glo. Marry! the times are badly changed with
her,

From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing;
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,

A show of mummery without a meaning.
My brother, rest and pardon to his soul !
Is gone to his account ; for this his minion,
The revel-rout is done—But you were speaking
Concerning her. I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your visitations to her.

Hast. No farther, my good lord, than friendly
pity,
And tender-hearted charity, allow.

Glo. Go to ; I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distress'd—On with your tale.

Hast. Thus it is, gracious sir, that certain officers
Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolence unjust, and lawless power,
Have seized upon the lands, which late she held
By grant from her great master Edward's bounty.

Glo. Somewhat of this, but slightly, I have heard ;
And though some counsellors of forward zeal,
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,
And bearded wisdom, often have provoked
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her,
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.

Hast. Good Heaven, who renders mercy back for
mercy,
With open-handed bounty shall repay you :
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,
And the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.

Glo. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only :
Our farther and more full extent of grace
Is given to your request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her griefs ;
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong
At full redress'd. But I have other news,

Which much import us both ; for still my fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours : our common foes,
The queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,
Have fall'n their mighty crests—That for your privacy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in JANE SHORE'S House.

Enter BELMOUR and DUMONT.

Bel. How she has lived you have heard my tale
already ;
The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place you,
And nearer observation, best will tell you.
See, with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard.—Save you, fair lady !
The blessings of the cheerful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets.

J. Shore. My gentle neighbour, your good wishes
still

Pursue my hapless fortunes ! Ah, good Belmour !
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity !
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep !
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentleman,
Whose friendly service you commended to me ?

Bel. Madam, it is.

J. Shore. A venerable aspect! [Aside.

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well-spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.—
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill,

[To DUMONT.

Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply these golden vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership
Of all that little good the world allows me.

Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let them speak for me,
And make up my deserving.

J. Shore. Are you of England?

Dum. No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my
birth;

At Antwerp has my constant bidding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than these which now my failing age affords.

J. Shore. Alas! at Antwerp!—Oh, forgive my
tears! [Weeping.

They fall for my offences—and must fall
Long, long ere they wash my stains away.
You knew, perhaps—Oh grief! Oh shame!—my
husband?

Dum. I knew him well—but stay this flood of
anguish,

The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corse with holy drops,

According to our church's rev'rend rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd ground to rest.

J. Shore. Oh, that my soul had known no joy but
him!

That I had lived within his guiltless arms,
And dying slept in innocence beside him!
But now his dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.

J. Shore. Say I wish to see her.—[*Erit SERVANT.*
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire;
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me.

[*Exeunt BELMOUR and DUMONT.*

Enter ALICIA.

Alicia. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you
thus?

Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old time come back?

J. Shore. No, my Alicia,
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'erpast,
That I could wish should take its turn again.

Alicia. And yet some of those days my friend has
known,
Some of those years might pass for golden ones
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,

Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?

J. Shore. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth ;
He was the very joy of all who saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
But what had I to do with kings and courts ?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him ;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.

Alicia. Sure, something more than fortune join'd
your loves :

Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

J. Shore. Name him no more !
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
Ere yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has siezed almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support ;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alicia. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows ;
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern Protector,
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty :
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be moved to pity, and redress thee.

J. Shore. My form, alas ! has long forgot to please ;
The scene of beauty and delight is changed ;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes ;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking, sallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only shadow of a hope is left me ;
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.

Alicia. Does Hastings undertake to plead your
cause ?

But wherefore should he not ? Hastings has eyes ;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty ;
But yours shall charm him long.

J. Shore. Away, you flatterer !
Nor charge his generous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has proved,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danced away :
May the remaining few know only friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there, I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay,

Alicia. Live ! live and reign for ever in my bosom ;
[*Embracing.*

Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own ;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints, that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,

Than ever, other joy the world can give,
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship!

J. Shore. Yes, thou art true; and only thou art
true:

Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;

[*Giving a Casket.*]

Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee;
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

Alicia. My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all;
Even man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and, with unwonted goodness,
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

J. Shore. Why should I think, that man will do
for me

What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judged:
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,

If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame ;
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before ;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in JANE SHORE'S House.

Enter ALICIA, speaking to JANE SHORE, as entering.

Alicia. No farther, gentle friend ; good angels
guard you,
And spread their gracious wings about your slum-
bers.—

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsman, and th' o'erlabour'd hind,
Forget the travail of the day in sleep :
Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness ;
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented ! Oh, false Hastings !
Thou hast destroy'd my peace.—[*Knocking without.*
What noise is that ?

What visitor is this, who with bold freedom
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
With such a rude approach ?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. One from the court,
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my lady.

Alicia. Hastings !—Be still my heart, and try to
meet him

With his own arts ; with falsehood—But he comes.

*Enter LORD HASTINGS ; speaks to a SERVANT as
entering.*

Hast. Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.—
Alicia here ! Unfortunate encounter !
But be it as it may.

Alicia. When humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When thus, unmindful of their rest, they come
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them ; like the golden sun
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.

Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost ;
But rather choose, at this late hour, to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd ;
The Lord Protector has received her suit,
And means to show her grace.

Alicia. My friend, my lord !

Hast. Yes, lady, yours ; none has a right more
ample

To task my pow'r than you.

Alicia. I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly ;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And would not die your debtor.

Hast. 'Tis well, madam.
But I would see your friend.

Alicia. Oh, thou false lord!
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easy, dull indiff'rence:
But 'twill not be; my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.

Hast. Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving, this transporting passion?

Alicia. Oh, thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!

Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken, and abandon'd,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy,
Giv'n up to be the sport of villain's tongues.
Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons;
And all because my soul has doted on thee
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable?

Hast. Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which every moment rise to madness?

Alicia. What proof, alas! have I not giv'n of love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has given thee all;
And, now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.

Hast. Why am I thus pursued from place to place,
Kept in the view, and cross'd at ev'ry turn?
In vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,

Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert ;
Ere I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.

Alicia. Hither you fly, and here you seek repose ;
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, midnight visits.

Hast. If you are wise, and prize your peace of
mind,

Yet take the friendly counsel of my love ;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not the devil, which undoes your sex,
That cursed curiosity, seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet ; but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go to—be yet advised——

Alicia. Dost thou in scorn
Preach patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wronged me ? Ruin seize
thee,

And swift perdition overtake thy treachery !
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt ?
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood ?
To hide it might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shown thee half unwilling to undo me ;
But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity,
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it ;
E'en now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villainy.

Hast. Well, then, I own my heart has broke your
chains.

Patient I bore the painful bondage long,
At length my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny ;
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,

Have driven him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.

Alicia. You triumph ! do ! and with gigantic pride
Defy impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink ;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his lightning forth : no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury like thine shall dwell in safety.

Hast. Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel !
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond atonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.

Alicia. Thy pray'r is heard—I go—but know,
proud lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal-favour guarded round and grac'd :
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height ;
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my feet ;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit.*]

Hast. How fierce a fiend is passion ! With what
wildness,
What tyranny untamed it reigns in woman !
Unhappy sex ! whose easy yielding temper
Gives way to ev'ry appetite alike ;
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
But soft ye now—for here comes one disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train ; of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom was she form'd,
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Gloster has vouchsafed your hearing,
To-morrow he expects you at the court ;
There plead your cause, with never-failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.

J. Shore. Thus humbly let your lowly servant
bend ;

[*Kneeling.*

Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

Hast. Rise, gentle dame ; you wrong my meaning
much.

Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these.

J. Shore. 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my
speaking :

But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall
thank you ;

And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one pray'r for you,
If pray'rs of such a wretch are heard on high,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

Hast. If there be aught of merit in my service,
Impute it there, where most 'tis due, to love :
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.

J. Shore. Alas ! my lord——

Hast. Why bend thy eyes to earth ?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow ?
Why breathes that sigh, my love ? And wherefore falls
This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetness ?

J. Shore. If pity dwells within your noble breast,
(As sure it does) oh, speak not to me thus !

Hast. Can I behold thee, and not speak of love ?
E'en now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,
Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire.
How can'st thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still ?

J. Shore. Cast round your eyes
Upon the high-born beauties of the court ;
Behold, like opening roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the sense, unsully'd all, and spotless :
There choose some worthy partner of your heart,
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed ;
Nor turn your eyes this way.

Hast. What means this peevish, this fantastic
change ?

Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face,
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles ?
Where hast thou lost thy wit and sportive mirth ?
That cheerful heart, which used to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee ?

J. Shore. Yes, I will own I merit the reproach ;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled to the dust :
All tongues, like your's, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.
Yet let the saints be witness to this truth,
That now, though late, I look with horror back,
That I detest my wretched self, and curse
My past, polluted life. All-judging Heav'n,
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrows for them.

Hast. No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance ;
The present moments claim more gen'rous use ;
Thy beauty, night, and solitude, reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long—come, let me press thee !

[*Laying hold on her*

Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue ; let not danger,
Nor the encumb'ring world, make faint your purpose !
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your days with peace.

J. Shore. O, that my head were laid, my sad eyes
closed,

And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest !
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then.

Dum. Would you be happy leave this fatal place ;
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood,
Where innocence is shamed, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest.

J. Shore. Where should I fly, thus helpless and
forlorn,
Of friends and all the means of life bereft ?

Dum. Belmour, whose friendly care still wakes to
serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful, dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life :
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By Nature's own contrivance seem'd disposed.
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting powers of wicked greatness.

J. Shore. Can there be so much happiness in store !
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
Ere the clouds gather, and the wintry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.

Dum. Will you then go ? You glad my very soul.
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me ;
Plenty and ease, and peace of mind, shall wait you,

And make your latter days of life most happy.
O, lady!—but I must not, cannot tell you
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.
So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood ;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow ;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more ;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter ALICIA, with a Paper.

Alicia. This paper to the great Protector's hand,
With care and secrecy, must be convey'd ;
His bold ambition now avows its aim,
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless Hastings adverse to his hopes,
And much devoted to the orphan king ;
On that I build : this paper meets his doubts,

And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.—
Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing,

Now my changed eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loath that known face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter JANE SHORE.

J. Shore. Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing steps, support my ruin,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?
O, my Alicia!

Alicia. What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surprised thee,
That thus racks thy tender heart?

J. Shore. O, Dumont!

Alicia. Say, what of him?

J. Shore. That friendly, honest man,
Whom Belmour brought of late to my assistance,
On whose kind care, whose diligence and faith,
My surest truth was built, this very morn
Was seized on by the cruel hand of power,
Forced from my house, and borne away to prison.

Alicia. To prison, said you? Can you guess the cause?

J. Shore. Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

Alicia. Lord Hastings! Ha!

J. Shore. Some fitter time must tell thee
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contain'd;
Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,

And move him for redress.

[She gives the Paper to ALICIA, who opens and seems to read it.]

Alicia. [Aside.] Now for a wile,
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart ;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjured Hastings' eyes !
Their fashions are the same ; it cannot fail.

[Pulling out the other Paper.]

J. Shore. But see, the great Protector comes this way ;

Give me the paper, friend.

Alicia. [Aside.] For love and vengeance !

[She gives her the other Paper.]

Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, CATESBY, COURTIER, and other ATTENDANTS.

J. Shore. [Kneeling] Oh, noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint !
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

Glo. Arise, fair dame, and dry your wat'ry eyes.

[Receiving the Paper, and raising her.]

Beshrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart,
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress,
Ye've got a noble friend to be your advocate ;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present now
Some matters of the state detain our leisure ;
Those once dispatched, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to ! be comforted.

J. Shore. Good Heavens repay your highness for this pity,
And shower down blessings on your princely head.

[Exeunt JANE SHORE and ALICIA.]

Glo. Now, by my holidame !
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is, when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions,
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock.—What says the paper ?

[*Seeming to read.*]

Ha ! What is this ? Come nearer, Ratchliff ! Catesby !
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.

[*He reads.*]

*Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice
This paper brings you from a friend unknown ;
Lord Hastings is inclined to call you master,
And kneel to Richard, as to England's king ;
But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,
And draws his service to king Edward's sons ;
Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,
And he, and all his powers, attend on you.*

Rat. 'Tis wonderful !

Cat. The means by which it came
Yet stranger too !

Glo. You saw it given but now.

Rat. She could not know the purport.

Glo. No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her life :
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot, dear she should abide it !

Cat. What hand soe'er it comes from, be assured,
It means your highness well——

Glo. Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be here ; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick ; then if he flinch,
No more but this—away with him at once,
He must be mine or nothing——But he comes !
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.

[*They whisper.*]

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. This foolish woman hangs about my heart,
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still ;
This coyness is put on, 'tis art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire—I must possess her.
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,
Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, e'en she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my pow'r.

Glo. This do, and wait me ere the council sits.—

[*Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.*]

My lord, you're well encounter'd : here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us ;
Believe me, she has won we much to pity her ;
Alas ! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended ;
How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Glo. You know your friendship is most potent
with us,

And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear.—
The state is out of tune ; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public councils ;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Loud railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government ; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke ;
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction ;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wonton and repine, it is

Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glo. Beshrew my heart ! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow ?
Plainly to speak ; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint : 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true, the king is young : but what of
that ?

We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glo. The council (much I'm bound to thank them
for't)

Have placed a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to control ;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
O, worthy lord ! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal :
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn ; as not supposing
A doubt like this——

Glo. Ay, marry but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has moved the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue ? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock ; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lacy, long before

His jolly match with that same buxom widow,
The queen, he left behind him——

Hast. Ill befall

Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples !
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.

Did not the king,

Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take hence-
forward ?

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If ev'ry peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change !

Glo. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state ?

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it !
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heav'n,
In thy great day of vengeance ! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars !

Glo. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles ;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein ;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd ;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd ;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction : peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles : low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land ;

Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheathe a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?

Glo. How now! so hot!

Hast. So brave, and so resolved.

Glo. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Hast. I hope your highness does not think I mean it;
No, Heav'n forbid, that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Glo. O, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace
you; [Embraces him.]

By holy Paul, y're a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
[Exit GLOSTER.]

Hast. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practised in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
E'en on the tend'rest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.
[Exit.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter DUKE OF GLOSTER, RATCLIFF, and
CATESBY.

Glo. This was the sum of all : that he would brook
No alteration in the present state.
Marry, at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance ;
But there I dropt the argument, and, changing
The first design and purport of my speech,
I praised his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in the foremention'd matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.

Rat. Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
This lord had stood with us.
His name had been of vantage to your highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.

Glo. This wayward and perverse declining from us
Has warranted at full the friendly notice,
Which we this morn received. I hold it certain,
This puling, whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.

Cat. If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate ;
And should, by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,
The very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand ? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command ?

Rat. Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message ;
 Teach ev'ry grace to smile in your behalf,
 And her deluded eyes to gloat for you ;
 His ductile reason will be wound about,
 Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
 Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.

Glo. Your counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd.
 She waits without, attending on her suit.
 Go call her in, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.*]

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
 Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
 To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is !
 A moppet made of prettiness and pride,
 That oftener does her giddy fancies change,
 Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colour—
 Now, shame upon it ! was our reason given
 For such a use ?
 Sure there is something more than witchcraft in
 them,
 That masters e'en the wisest of us all.—

Enter JANE SHORE.

Oh ! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
 On this your grievance : and though some there are,
 Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
 The rigour of our power to afflict you,
 And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you :
 We've ta'en you to our favour : our protection
 Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

J. Shore. The blessings of a heart with anguish
 broken,

And rescued from despair, attend your highness.
 Alas ! my gracious lord, what have I done,
 To kindle such relentless wrath against me ?

Glo. Marry there are, though I believe them not,
 Who say you meddle in affairs of state :

That you presume to prattle, like a busy-body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' council
What fits the order of the commonweal.

J. Shore. Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign
thoughts,

Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Glo. Go to? I know your power; and though I
trust not

To ev'ry breath of fame, I'm not to learn
That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.
But fair befall your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour.
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.

J. Shore. Oh! where or how—Can my unworthy
hand

Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.

Glo. Why, that's well said—Thus then—Observe
me well.

The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—

J. Shore. Alas! for pity.

Glo. Therefore have resolved
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.
This, though of great importance to the public,

Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.

J. Shore. Does he? Does Hastings?

Glo. Ay, Hastings.

J. Shore. Reward him for the noble deed, ju-
Heav'ns!

For this one action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance;
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame,
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, e'en to time's end!

Glo. How now!

J. Shore. The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! Oh, gallant generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue! assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.

Glo. You're passing rich in this same heav'n
speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.

J. Shore. No, though the royal Edward has un-
done me,
He was my king, my gracious master still;
And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!—
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?

Glo. Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart n
further!
None of your arts, your feigning and your foolery;
Your dainty squeamish coying it to me;
Go—to your lord, your paramour; begone!

Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Shore. Oh, that my tongue had every grace of
speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead, till death, the cause of injured innocence.

Glo. Ha! Dost thou brave me, minion! Dost thou
know
How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make
thee?

That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee; where, repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish;
Groan to the pitiless winds without return;
Howl, like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
And curse thy life, in bitterness and misery?

J. Shore. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan, who has none to save him.

Glo. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
What hoa! Who waits without?

Enter RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

Rat. Your highness' pleasure——

Glo. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet
forth?

Spurn her into the street; there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill. Through the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,

Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
 Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
 Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
 We sieze on, for the profit of the state.
 Away! Be gone!

J. Shore. Oh, thou most righteous Judge—
 Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
 And own thy justice in this hard decree:
 No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
 But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
 Yet since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
 For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
 No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
 And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit JANE SHORE guarded by CATESBY.*

Glo. So much for this. Your project's at an end.
 [To RATCLIFF.

This idle toy, this hilding, scorns my power,
 And sets us all at nought. See that a guard
 Be ready at my call.—

Rat. The council waits
 Upon you highness' leisure.—
Glo. Bid them enter.

Enter the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, EARL of DERBY, BISHOP of ELY, LORD HASTINGS, and others, as to the Council. The DUKE of GLOSTER takes his Place at the upper End, then the rest sit.

Derb. In happy times we are assembled here,
 To point the day, and fix the solemn pomp,
 For placing England's crown, with all due rites,
 Upon our sov'reign Edward's youthful brow.

Hast. Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there
 are,
 As such will still be prating, who presume
 To carp and cavil at his royal right;
 Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
 T' appoint the order of the coronation;

So to approve our duty to the king.

And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

Derb. We all attend to know your highness' pleasure.

[*To GLOSTER.*]

Glo. My lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
T' inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching drugs,
Practice against our person and our life?

Hast. So much I hold the king your highness' debtor,

So precious are you to the commonweal,
That I presume, not only for myself
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

Glo. Then judge yourselves, convince your eyes
of truth;

Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,

[*Pulling up his Sleeves.*]

Shrunk, like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confed'rate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work
To torture and despoil me of my life.

Hast. If they have done this deed—

Glo. If they have done it!

Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious traitor!
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,

The patron and complotter of her mischiefs,
And join'd in this contrivance for my death.
Nay, start not, lords—What ho ! a guard there, sirs !

Enter GUARDS.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He shall not live an hour. By holy Paul,
I will not dine before his head be brought me.
Ratcliff, stay you, and see that it be done :
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exit GLOSTER, and LORDS following.]

Hast. What ! and no more but this—How ! to the scaffold ?

Oh, gentle Ratcliff ! tell me, do I hold thee ?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle through this dread confusion ?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprise.

Rat. You heard, the duke's commands to me were
absolute,
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift
With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,
And be yourself: for you must die this instant.

Hast. Yes, Ratcliff, I will take thy friendly counsel,

And die as a man should : 'tis somewhat hard
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once ;
But since what must be must be—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run ;
'Tis but to close my eyes, and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,

The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter ALICIA.

Alicia. Stand off, and let me pass—I will, I must,
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings, Hastings!

Hast. Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment,

To fill me with new terrors, new distractions;
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away, I pr'ythee leave me!

Alicia. Stop a minute
Till my full griefs find passage—Oh, the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine!

Hast. What means thy frantic grief?

Alicia. I cannot speak—
But I have murder'd thee—Oh, I could tell thee!

Hast. Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting passion!

Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense.

Oh! speak and leave me,
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.

Alicia. That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee on,

Thus hunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.

Hast. Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand

Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can make atonement?

Alicia. Thy cruel scorn had stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,

And writ I knew not what—told the Protector,
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles had won thee
To plot against his greatness—he believ'd it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel !)
And while I meant destruction on her head,
He has turn'd it all on thine.

Hast. Now mark ! and tremble at Heaven's just
award :

While thy insatiate wrath and full revenge
Pursued the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold, the mischief falls on thee and me :
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion.
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,
And now in one poor moment I am gone.
Oh ! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

Alicia. Oh ! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me, [*Kneeling*
And in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love ?
For, oh ! 'tis certain if I had not loved thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,
This day of horror never should have known us.

Hast. Oh ! rise, and let me hush thy stormy sor-
rows. [*Raising her*

Assauge thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me ;
And, in mysterious providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken hand.
Most righteous doom ! for, oh, while I behold thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me ; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonour'd, blasted, and betray'd by me.

Alicia. And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh, that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd
But half so easily as I can pardon!

Hast. Here then exchange we mutually forgiveness:
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging Heav'n to bless and to support thee.

Rat. My lord, dispatch; the duke has sent to
chide me,
For loit'ring in my duty——

Hast. I obey.

Alicia. Insatiate, savage monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, repay him,
Thou great Avenger! give him blood for blood,
Guilt launt him! fiends pursue him! lightnings
blast him!

That he may know how terrible it is
To want that moment he denies thee now.

Hast. This rage is all in vain.
Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me;
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burden more than I can bear.
Farewell—Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above.

Alicia. O, stab me to the heart, some pitying hand,
Now strike me dead——

Hast. One thing I had forgot——
I charge thee, by our present common miseries;
By our past loves, if yet they have a name;
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend:

Thou know'st who 'tis I mean.—O, should'st thou
wrong her!

Just Heaven shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make them know no end.—Remember this,
As the last warning of a dying man..
Farewell, for ever!

[*The GUARDS carry HASTINGS off.*

Alicia. For ever!—Oh, for ever!—
Oh, who can bear to be a wretch for ever!—
My rival, too! His last thoughts hung on her;
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her.
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever?
No—since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my sufferings, let her share my pains;
Let her, like me, of ev'ry joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;
Like me, with cries, distracted fill the air,
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair,
And prove the torments of the last despair! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter BELMOUR and DUMONT.

Dum. You saw her then?

Bel. I met her, as returning,
In solemn penance, from the public cross:
Before her, certain rascal officers,

Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
Around her, numberless, the rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling ;
Some pitying—but those, alas ! how few !—
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind,
With insolence and lewd reproach pursued her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous hands
Gathering the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head !

Dum. Inhuman dogs !—

How did she bear it ?

Bel. With the gentlest patience ;
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look ;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung ;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread.
Yet silent still she past and unrepining ;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.

Dum. When was this piteous sight ?

Bel. These last two days.

You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance,
Which but for Hastings' death I had not gain'd.
During that time, although I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief, but all in vain ;
A churlish guard attends upon her steps,
Who menace those with death that bring her comfort,
And drive all succour from her.

Dum. Let them threaten ;

Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice ;
So Heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.

Bel. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form

Dum. I do.

Bel. And have you thought upon the consequence

Dum. What is there I should fear ?

Bel. Have you examined

Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret springs that move the passions ?
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may return ?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep ?

Dum. O thou hast set my busy brain at work
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion—Oh, that form !
That angel face on which my dotage hung !
How I have gaz'd upon her, till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issued at my eyes—Was there a gem,
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields ;
What was there art could make, or wealth cou
buy,

Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty ?
What could her king do more ?—And yet she fled

Bel. Away with that sad fancy——

Dum. Oh, that day !

The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home !
Within his chariot, by his side she sat,
And listen'd to his talk with downward looks,
Till sudden as she chanced aside to glance,
Her eyes encounter'd mine—Oh ! then, my friend
Oh ! who can paint my grief and her amazement

As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale ;
And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her ;
Then, with a shriek, heart-wounding, loud she cried,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung—
Moved at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action, woo'd her oft to turn ;
Earnest he seem'd to plead, but all in vain ;
Ev'n to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And follow'd me—till I had lost myself.

Bel. Alas, for pity ! Oh ! those speaking tears !
Could they be false ? did she not suffer with you ?
For though the king by force possess'd her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you ;
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now ; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on ev'ry side,
With no one hand to help ; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like her's ?

Dum. And can she bear it ? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude ?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her ;
I thought the gentlest breeze, that wakes the spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her ; cheerfulness
Danced all the day before her, and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow—
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head.
It is too much—Hence with her past offences,
They are atoned at full—Why stay we then ?
Oh ! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.

Bel. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers :
Her guard, though set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there chuse her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.

Dum. Here let us then divide ; each in his round
To search her sorrows out ; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

*Enter JANE SHORE, her Hair hanging loose on her
Shoulders, and barefooted.*

J. Shore. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O, my
soul !

For are not thy transgressions great and numberless ?
Do they not cover thee like rising floods,
And press thee like a weight of waters down ?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down in death.
And hark, methinks the roar, that late pursued me,
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me ?
My guard, too, that observed me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas ! I faint,
My spirits fail at once—This is the door
Of my Alicia—Blessed opportunity !
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now while no eye observes me.

[*She knocks at the Door.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her.

[Going in.

Serv. Hold, mistress, whither would you?

J. Shore. Do you not know me?

Serv. I know you well, and know my orders, too:
You must not enter here.

J. Shore. Tell my Alicia,
'Tis I would see her.

Serv. She is ill at ease,
And will admit no visitor.

J. Shore. But tell her,
'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door and beg—

Serv. 'Tis all in vain,—
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.

[Shuts the Door, and exit.

J. Shore. It was not always thus; the time has
been,

When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here;

When my approach was made a little holiday,
And every face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those, who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!

[She sits down at the Door.

Enter ALICIA in disorder.

Alicia. What wretch art thou, whose misery and
baseness,
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

J. Shore. A very beggar, and a wretch indeed;

One driv'n by strong calamity to seek
For succours here; one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread.

Alicia. And dost thou come to me, to me for
bread?

I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the waters—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them—I know thee not.

J. Shore. And yet there was a time, when my
Alicia

Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourn'd the live-long day she passed without
me;

Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She loved me more than all the world besides.

Alicia. Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee
well—

'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me?
Thou hast undone me—Murder! Oh, my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Give me him back again, thou soft deluder,
Thou beauteous witch!

J. Shore. Alas! I never wrong'd thee—Oh!
bestow

Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table!

Alicia. Avaunt! and come not near me—

J. Shore. To thy hand

I trusted all; gave my whole store to you,
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

Alicia. Nay ! tell me not ! Where is thy king, thy
Edward,
And all the smiling, cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee ?

J. Shore. Oh ! for mercy !

Alicia. Mercy ! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells.
This is her house, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark ! something cracks above ! it shakes, it totters !
And see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me !
'Tis fall'n, 'tis here ! I felt it on my brain !
Why shouldst thou be a wretch ? Stab, tear thy heart,
And rid thyself of this detested being ;
I will not linger long behind thee here.
A waving flood of bluish fire swells o'er me ;
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in blood.
Ha ! what art thou ! thou horrid headless trunk ?
It is my Hastings ! see he wafts me on !
Away ! I go, I fly ! I follow thee !

[*She runs off.*]

J. Shore. Alas ! she raves ; her brain, I fear, is
turn'd.

In mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
Sure I am near my journey's end ;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
I can no more—[*Lies down.*—]—receive me, thou cold
earth,

Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Upon the ground !
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.

Look up, thou poor afflicted one ! thou mourner,
Whom none has comforted ! Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms ?—Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said.
Now where are they ?

J. Shore. Ah, Belmour ! where indeed ? They stand
aloof,
And view my desolation from afar ;
And yet thy goodness turn'd aside to pity me.
Alas ! there may be danger ; get thee gone !
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head.
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.

Bel. Yet raise thy drooping head ; for I am come
To chase away despair. Behold ! where yonder
That honest man, that faithful, brave Dumont,
Is hasting to thy aid——

J. Shore. Dumont ! Ha ! where ?

[Raising herself, and looking about.]

Then heav'n has heard my pray'r ; his very name
Renews the spring of life, and cheers my soul.
Has he then 'scaped the snare ?

Bel. He has ; but see——
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew,
For now he wears your better angel's form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

Enter SHORE.

J. Shore. Speak, tell me ! Which is he ? And, oh !
what would
That dreadful vision ! See, it comes upon me—
It is my husband——Ah ! *[She swoons.]*

Shore. She faints ! support her !

Bel. Her weakness could not bear the strong sur-
prise.

But see, she stirs ! And the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek——

Shore. So—gently raise her— [*Raising her up.*

J. Shore. Ha ! what art thou ? Belmour !

Bel. How fare you, lady ?

J. Shore. My heart is thrill'd with horror.

Bel. Be of courage——

Your husband lives ! 'tis he, my worthiest friend——

J. Shore. Still art thou there !—Still dost thou
hover round me !

Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade !

Bel. 'Tis he himself—he lives ! look up——

J. Shore. I dare not !

Oh ! that my eyes could shut him out for ever——

Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror ? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more !

J. Shore. Oh ! thou most injured—dost thou live
indeed !

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head !
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns !
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night !
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

Shore. Why dost thou turn away ?—Why tremble
thus ?

Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror ?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.
Let us haste,

Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

J. Shore. What shall I say to you ? But I obey——

Shore. Lean on my arm—

J. Shore. Alas! I'm wondrous faint:
But that's not strange, I have not eat these three
days.

Shore. Oh, merciless!

J. Shore. O! I am sick at heart!

Shore. Thou murd'rous sorrow!
Wilt thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die! Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to my sad heart!—She hears me not;
Grief masters every sense—

Enter CATESBY, with a GUARD.

Cat. Seize on them both, as traitors to the state—

Bel. What means this violence?

[GUARDS lay hold on SHORE and BELMOUR.]

Cat. Have we not found you
In scorn of the Protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?

Shore. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her.

Cat. You'll answer this at full—Away with them.

Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together——

Cat. Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

J. Shore. I will not part with him—for me!—for
me!

Oh! must he die for me!

[Following him as he is carried off—She falls.]

Shore. Inhuman villains!

[Breaks from the Guards.]

Stand off! The agonies of death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

J. Shore. Oh ! let him go, ye ministers of terror,
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.

Shore. Oh, my love !
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak ?——

J. Shore. Forgive me !——but forgive me !

Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion bless'd or curs'd for ever !

J. Shore. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in
peace—
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd
you ?

But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh ! mercy, Heav'n !
[*Dies.*

Bel. There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END



ANTHONY & CLEOPATRA



SCENE II. — ANTHONY'S CHAMBER.

PRINTED BY HODGKIN.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO
1845.

FOR SALE BY G. WOOD.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH ALTERATIONS, AND WITH ADDITIONS FROM

DRYDEN.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND
BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

EDINBURGH :
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

1

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR	} <i>Triumvirs</i>	{ <i>Mr Abbot.</i>
MARCUS ANTONIUS		
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS		
DOLABELLA	} <i>Friends of Cæsar</i>	{ <i>Mr Hamerton.</i>
MÆCENAS		
AGRIPPA		
PROCULEIUS		
THYREUS		
ENOBARBUS	} <i>Friends of Antony</i>	{ <i>Mr Egerton.</i>
CANIDIUS		
VENTIDIUS		
PHILO		
ALEXAS	} <i>Officers of Cleopatra's House</i>	{ <i>Mr Chapman.</i>
DIOMEDES		
MARDION, an Eunuch		
		{ <i>Mr Menage.</i>
		{ <i>Mr Claremont.</i>

ATTENDANTS, MESSENGERS, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt		<i>Mrs Faucit.</i>
CHARMION	} <i>Her Women</i>	{ <i>Miss Cooke.</i>
IRAS		
OCTAVIA, Cæsar's Sister		<i>Mrs M'Gibbon.</i>

SCENE—Egypt, and dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. The Interior of CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter CANIDIUS and PHILO.

Can. Nay, but this dotage of our general
O'erflows the measure; those, his goodly eyes,
That, o'er the files and musters of the war,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office, and devotion, of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which, in the scuffles of great fights, hath burst
The buckles of his breast, disowns all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's passions. Look, they come.
[*Flourish.*]

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and their Train. Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a wanton's fool. Behold!

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cle. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heaven,
new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Attend. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—The sum ?

Cle. Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you—" Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love !

Cle. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer ; your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore, hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ;
both ?

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers !

[*Calling.*

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! Here is my space :
Kingdoms are clay ; the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Cle. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?
I seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. Now, for the love of Love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh ;

e's not a minute of our lives should stretch
out some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

2. Hear the ambassadors.

1st. Fie, wrangling queen!

In every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

weep; whose every passion fully strives

to make itself in thee, fair and admired!

Messenger but thine. Come, come, my queen!—

Go not to us.

[To the ATTENDANT.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Train.

1st. Triumphant lady!—But, since messengers,

and many his contriving friends, in Rome,

delay his return, now Antony

will leave her utterly.

2nd. Never; he will not.

She cannot wither her, nor custom stale

infinite variety: Other women cloy

appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,

where most she satisfies.

1st. I am full sorry that he so approves

of a common liar, who, we oft have heard,

now speaks of him at Rome. But I will hope

of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA's Palace.

Enter ANTONY; PROCULEIUS *following.*

1st. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

2nd. Against my brother Lucius?

1st. Ay:

But soon that war had end; and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Pro. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On;
Things that are past are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.

Pro. Labienus
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia.
His conquering banner from Euphrates shook,
From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say——

Pro. O, my lord!——

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults,
With such full licence as both truth and malice,
Have power to utter.
From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

Pro. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

Attend. [*Without.*] He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear:—And fare thee well awhile,

Pro. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What are you?

Mes. Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Mes. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else, more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this tells. [*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me—— [*Exit MESSENGER.*]
There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again: She's good, being lost:
The hand could pluck her back, that forced her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must hence; hence with haste.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. If they
suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing. Cleo-
patra, catching but the least noise of this, dies in-
stantly. I have seen her die twenty times, upon a far
poorer occasion.

Ant. She is cunning, past man's thought. Fulvia
is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
If there were no more women but Fulvia, then were
the case to be lamented:—the tears live in an onion
that should water this sorrow.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose: I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen.

Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick removal hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and ALEXAS,
discovered.

Cle. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since !

Cle. [To ALEXAS.] See where he is, who's with
him, what he does,——

I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEXAS.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cle. What should I do I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cle. Thou teachest like a fool ;—the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cle. I am sick and sullen. [To CHARMION *aside.*

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cle. Help me away, dear Charmion, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen——

Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cle. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news;

What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis *I* that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know——

Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treason planted.

Ant. Cleopatra——

Cle. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you, in swearing, shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen!

Cle. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going;
But, bid farewell, and go; when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows, and none our parts so poor,
But was a race of Heaven.

Ant. Hear me, queen;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; my more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cle. Her death!—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Cle. O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine shall be received.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give advice. Now, by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go out hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cle. Cut my lace, Charmion; come;
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cle. So was Fulvia told:—
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword—

Cle. And target,—still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmion,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part; but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is, I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your majesty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cle. Your honour calls you hence:
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! On your sword

Sit laurell'd victory ; and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go :—Come on ;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV.

Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and their
Trains.*

Cæs. You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news ; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken *all* his goodness.
His faults, in him, seem as hereditary
Rather than purchased ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Grant it not amiss
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave ;

To reel the streets at noon ; say this becomes him ;
(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish ;) yet is Antony
No way excused ; for to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As our state, with his own,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, ripening into knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And, it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's opinions
Give him much wrong'd.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menacrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them :
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels : when thou once
From Mutina wert beaten, at thy heel
Did Famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer ; nor disdain'd
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The bark of trees thou browsed'st—and all this
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shame quickly

**Drive him to Rome. Time is it that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' th' field'; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.**

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know,
meantime,
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir,
I knew it for my bond.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, supporting herself on IRAS;
CHARMION and MARDION following.*

Cle. Charmion—

Char. Madam.

Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away!

Char. You think of him

Too much.

Cle. O, Charmion !

Where think'st thou he is now ?

Or does he walk, or is he on his horse?

O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?

The demy-Atlas of the earth, the arm,
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring,—“Where's my serpent of old Nile?”

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cle. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With its tinct gilded thee.

What tidings of my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many double kisses,
This orient pearl;—his speech sticks in my heart.

Cle. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say—the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This—

[Giving a pearl.]

To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the East
Say thou, shall call her mistress.—So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
That neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoken
Was dumb'd by him.

Cle. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the
extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cle. O, well-directed disposition! note him,
Note him, good Charmion, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt, with his joy; but between both.
O, heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cle. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmion;—
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in LEPIDUS' House, at Rome.

Enter LEPIDUS and ENOBARBUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that's then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Canidius ! [*Speaking aside to CANIDIUS—*
Cæs. I do not know, Mæcenas ; ask Agrippa.
Welcome to Romè.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir !

Cæs. Nay, then——

Lep. Noble friends,

That which convened us, was most great ; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus——

[*They sit—LEPIDUS in the middle—ANTONY,
ENOBARBUS, and CANIDIUS, on one side—
CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA on the other.*

[*To CÆSAR.*] I learn you take things ill, which are
not so ;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world ; more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when, to sound your
name,

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised ?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall : Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you ;—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business : My brother
never

Did urge me in this act ;—of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours, which, with a snaffle,
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and, with taunts,
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning ; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak :
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it ; but, on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required
them ;
The which you both refused.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness : Truth is,—Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Cæs. I do not much mislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia ;—great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa.
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : Let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
Her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, Agrippa, be it so,
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment. [*They rise.*]
Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and from this hour,
The hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,

Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land ?

Cæs. Great, and increasing ; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness shall detain me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and ALEXAS,

Cle. Give me some music ; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.—No, let it be.
We'll to the river ;—there I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes : as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah! Ha! you're caught."

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and, that night,
I laugh'd him into patience; and, next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I laugh'd him to his bed;
Then put my ties and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Phillippan.—O! from Italy——

Enter MARDION.

Mar. Madam, madam——

Cle. Antony's dead?—If thou say so,
Villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;—but well, and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here,
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled, kissing.

Mar. First, madam, he is well.

Cle. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
we use

To say, the dead are well; if he be dead,
(And I perceive no goodness in thy face)
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mar. Will't please you hear me?

Cle. I have a mind to spurn thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mar. Madam, he's well.

Cle. Well said.

Mar. And friends with Cæsar.

Cle. Thou art an honest man.

Mar. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cle. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mar. But yet, madam——

Cle. I do not like, but yet ; it does allay
The good precedence. 'Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : He's friends with Cæsar ;
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

Mar. Free, madam ? No ; I made no such report :
He's——married to Octavia.

Cle. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

Mar. Good madam, have patience.

Cle. What say you ?—hence !

Mar. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cle. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud :
And I will boot thee with what gift beside,
Thy modesty can beg.—Come hither, sir.

Mar. I have done my duty.

Cle. Is he married ?
I cannot hate thee worse than now I do,
If thou again say, yes.

Mar. Too sure he is ; and, ere I quitted Rome,
He and Octavia had embark'd for Athens.

[Exit MARDION.]

Char. Good, your highness, patience.

Cle. Lead me hence,
I faint : O, Iras, Charmion !—'Tis no matter—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination ; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go ! Pity me, Charmion,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Athens. A Room in ANTONY's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable; that, and thousands more
Of semblable import;—but since we married,
And have dwelt here, in Athens, he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when, perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold, and sickly,
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:—Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us. Meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war.

Shall stain your brother ; speed you then to Rome,—
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. Well, well, the ship awaits you in the harbour :
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

Oct. Oh, my lord—Farewell !

Ant. The April's in thy eyes ;
Thy tongue will not obey thy heart, nor will
Thy heart inform thy tongue : the swan's down feather
Thus stands upon the swell, at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.—Come on, Octavia ;
I'll lead thee to the shore. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

CLEOPATRA and IRAS discovered. CLEOPATRA pensively reclined on a Couch.

Cle. Athens may well be proud ! it circles, now,
Within its walls, Bellona's paragon ;
The man of men ;—ay me ! the married man.
Would that Mark Antony could see me thus !
Sure he would sigh, for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart. I know him well—

Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now, 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you—
Forget him, madam.

Cle. Never, never, *Iras.*
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?

Char. The man, whom you dispatch'd in trust to
Athens,

Newly return'd, now waits upon your will.

Cle. [*Starting up.*] Will Antony be kind?—or quite
forsake me?

Is't life or death? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I died or lived.

Char. Madam, the messenger.

Enter MARDION.

Cle. Say,—had'st thou audience
Of great Mark Antony?

Mar. I found him, madam,
Encompass'd by a throng that shouted round him:—
When he beheld me struggling through the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

Cle. There's comfort yet! [*Apart from MARDION.*
Proceed.

Mar. I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and dishearted;
Told him, you only begg'd a last farewell;—
Presented next your letter, which he read,
Then fetch'd an inward groan, and only sigh'd,
As if his heart was breaking. Thus we parted.

Cle. [*Apart.*] That inward groan gives hopes he
may be here,

If but to say, farewell.—Saw'st thou Octavia?

Mar. Madam, I did; for, as I reach'd the land,

I view'd her standing at her vessel's prow,
To sail for Italy : our barks approach'd
Almost to contact.

Cle. Italy ! why thither ?

Mar. To reconcile, at Rome, (so rumour spake)
Divisions which, of late, forebode a war
Between her lord and Cæsar.

Cle. Blest forebodings !

Long may divisions last, that can divide
That mate, ill-mated, from Mark Antony. [*Apart.*
Is she as tall as I ?

Mar. She is not, madam.

Cle. Dwarfish !—he ne'er will like her long.

Char. O, Isis !

Like her ? it is impossible.

Cle. I think so.—

What majesty is in her air ? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mar. She stoops.

She shews a body, rather than a life ;
A statue, than a breather.

Cle. Is this certain ?

Mar. Or I have no observance.

Cle. There's nothing in her yet :
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? Is't long, or
round ?

Mar. Round, even to faultiness.

Cle. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour ?

Mar. Brown, madam ; and her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.

Cle. There is gold for thee.

[*IRAS gives him a purse. Exit MARDION.*

Char. A proper man.

Cle. Indeed, he is so ; why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cle. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cle. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmion;—

But, 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Grand flourish.*
[*Shouting without.*] Antony! Antony!

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Cle. O, this I prophesied!

[*Rushes forward to meet ANTONY.*

My love! my lord!

So quick to follow thus my messenger!—

Ant. Well, madam, we are met. [*Coldly.*

Cle. Is this a meeting?

Then, meet we but to part?

Ant. We must;—for ever.

Cle. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cle. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have loved each other

Into our mutual ruin.

Cle. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in Heaven, and all the world
Is arm'd against my love: Even you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do,
To late posterity; and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else favour me with silence.

Cle. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Eno. I like this well. He shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin

From you alone——

Cle. O, Heavens! I ruin you!

Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it,

Ere I have scarce begun.

Cle. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: You gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father on his throne, was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen:
Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cle. I clear'd myself.

Ant. Again you break your promise.
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses;
Took you into my bosom, stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine. I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world;
Shut out enquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Eno. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she, indeed, had reason; raised a war
To call me back.—While in your arms I lay,
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp.

Cle. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else not.—
Your silence says, I have not. Fulvia died;
(Pardon, ye gods! with my unkindness died,)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,

This Cæsar's sister ; in her pride of youth,
And flower of beauty, did I wed that lady ;
Whom, blushing, I must praise, for I have left her.
You call'd ; my love has now obey'd the summons,
But, if I stay, 'twill raise the Roman arms.
If you have aught to answer,
Now speak—you have free leave.

Eno. Now lay a sigh i' th' way, to stop his passage ;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions ;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cle. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my
judge,

Already have condemn'd me ? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate ?
That, now, is turn'd against me ; that destroys me ;
For, love once past is, at the best, forgotten ;
But oft'ner sours to hate : 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
Here then I end. Though I deserve this usagc,
Was it like you to give it ?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach. We're both unhappy.
If nothing else, yet your ill fortune parts us.
Speak, would you have me perish by my stay ?

Cle. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go ;
If as a lover, stay. If you must perish,
'Tis a hard word, but stay.
Now judge my love by this.

[*Giving ANTONY a writing.*]

Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had given me means.

Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius !
I know it well.—

See, Enobarbus ! here he offers Egypt,
And joins a' Syria to it as a present ;

So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And join her arms with his.

Cle. And yet you leave me !

You leave me, Antony, and yet I love you,
Indeed I do ; I have refused a kingdom,
That's a trifle

For I would part with life, with any thing,
But only you. O, let me die with you !
Is that a hard request ?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heaven can give.

Char. [*Aside.*] He melts ! we conquer !

Cle. No, you shall go. Your int'rest calls you hence ;
Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here. [*Takes his hand.*

Go ; leave me, soldier,
(For you're no more a lover,) leave me dying ;
Push me, all pale, and panting, from your bosom ;
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, she's dead :
The soldiers shout : you then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity ;
Octavia chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Dead ! rather let me perish :
My life, my soul, my all ! [*Embraces her.*

Eno. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame !——

Ant. What, Enobarbus ? It outweighs 'em all.
Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Eno. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go ?

Ant. Go ! whither ? Go from all that's excellent !
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods !
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe, to play withal,

This gew-gaw world, and put him cheaply off; .
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

Cle. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of
joy

That I shall do some wild extravagance,
And cause the plodders of our foolish world,
Who know not tenderness, to think me mad.

[*March. Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.*

Eno. O women ! women ! women ! all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to man,
As you, of doing harm ! [Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS and AGRIPPA.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he did all this, and more.
In Alexandria—here's [*Shewing papers.*] the manner
of it,—

It's the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself, in chains of gold,
Were publicly enthroned ; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their crime
Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her,
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise :

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She,
In the habiliments of the goddess, Isis,
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar ; and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle ; then does he say he lent me
Some shipping, unrestored ; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed ; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change : for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

Had not the adverse wind and raging seas
Prolong'd my voyage, and driven our labouring bark
Leagues from its course, I sooner had embraced you.

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus ? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister ; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear : But you are come
A market-maid to Rome ; we should have met you
By sea and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good, my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal ; whereon I begged
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'twixt his love and him,

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind ;
Where say you he is now ?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, no, my most wrong'd sister : Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her ; and they are levying
The kings o' the earth for war against me. Now,
E'en now, they head their force at Actium ;
But they have found, I trust, to their confusion,
Our fleet and armies there, prepared to meet them.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched !
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcome hither ;
Your letters so far check'd our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;
Nothing more dear to me.—You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort ;—
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.

Oct. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you,
now,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Near Actium.—The Outskirts of ANTONY'S Camp.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
And have command here, while we stay in Actium.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cle. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it? is it?

Cle. Is't not denounced 'gainst us? Why should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. Your présence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said, in Rome;
You and your maids manage this war.

Cle. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will be in the action.

Eno. I have done.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Canidius, we will fight with them by sea.

Cle. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle in Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his 'vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingrossed by swift impress: In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, your's heavy:—No disgrace
Awaits you for refusing him by sea.

Ant. By sea, by sea!

Eno. Why, sir, you throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and peril,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight by sea.

Cle. I have sixty sail ; Cæsar's none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping we will burn,
And, with the rest full manned, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar.—If we fail,
We then can do't by land.

Enter MESSENGER.

Thy business ?

Mess. The enemy, my lord, is now descried.
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. There in person !
Well, to our ships :—this speed of Cæsar carries
Beyond belief.

Mess. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such detachments as
Beguiled all spies. *[Retires.]*

Ant. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. Haste to thy
charge. *[Exit CANIDIUS.]*

So now on board—and cheerly !—Come, my Thetis !
[To CLEOP. A martial flourish.]

Away ! Away !

*[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
and Followers.]*

SCENE III.

The Country near Actium.

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army.

Can. Halt! breathe awhile, ere we ascend the steep.—

Set we our squadrons upon yonder hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle ;—from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Alarum from the sea.*
The fleets

Draw near each other ; Roman strains of war,
With Egypt's timbrels mingling on the sea,
Proclaim immediate action.—To the heights ;
Steadily, soldiers.—March ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Sea Shore—Open Sea beyond it.

*A Grand Sea Fight ; which ends in the defeat of
ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.*

SCENE V.

Open Country near Actium.

Enter PHILO.

Philo. Lost ! lost ! all lost ! I can behold no longer
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder ;
Now, Enobarbus ?

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Gods and goddesses !
The greater portion of the world is lost,
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Provinces, kingdoms !

Philo. How appears the fight ?

Eno. On our side like the spotted pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribald hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather our's the elder,
Hoists sail, and flies :—and she, once being loof,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea wing, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the battle, and flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
Oh, he has given example for *our* flight,

Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night

Indeed!

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Philo. And thence, no doubt, to Egypt.

Can. Doubtless so.

To the all-conquering Cæsar I will render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [Shouts.

Eno. Hark! the enemy!

I'll follow yet the wounded chance of Antony,
Although my reason sits i' the wind against me.

[Shouts again. *Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Country, near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Cæs. Where is the man whom Antony, when flying,
Sent from his fleet to shore?

Atten. Cæsar, he's here.

[*Ambassador from ANTONY advances.*

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was, of late, as petty to his ends
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To the vast ocean.

Cæs. Well;—declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes, he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,

He sues to breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens; this from him.
 Next Cleopatra craves of thee her diadem:
 For she now feels, if thou pursuest the fallen,
 'Tis hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony

I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend.

Amb. Fortune attend thee!

Cæs. In thy course to Egypt,

A messenger of mine, to Cleopatra,
 Must be thy fellow.—Bring him through the bands,
[*Exit* AMBASSADOR.]

Thyreus,—

Thyr. [*Advancing.*] My lord—

Cæs. Thou must sail with him, Thyreus.

From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 (From thine invention) offers. Try thy cunning;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Go quickly, then; and should thy vessel
 prove

A sluggard to the wind, I may set foot
 On Afric's ground before thee. [*Exit* THYREUS.]

Now, my friends,

We must, once more, embark to seek these run-
 ways:

'Tis fit we take the lion we have driven
 Into his last retreat. Therefore, for Egypt.
 Strike,—and march on!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Alexandria—The Interior of CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter ANTONY with Attendants.

Ant. This land of Egypt bids me tread no more
on't.

It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever;—I have one ship
Laden with gold:—take that, divide it;—fly,—
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly? not we!

Ant. I fled myself; and have instructed others
To run and shew their shoulders.

Atten. Sir, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cle. O, my lord! my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after.

Cle. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost!—Now, kiss me, sweet!
Even this repays—Oh, I am full of lead.
Some wine there, and our viands. Thou wilt follow;
Wilt thou not, soon?—Oh! [Exit.

Enter a Male ATTENDANT.

Atten. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cle. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women,
They treat with negligence the rose, when blown,
That kneel'd unto the buds—Admit him, sir.

Enter THYREUS.

Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends; say on boldly.

Thyr. Thus then;—the most renown'd Cæsar en-
treats

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
(For soon his forces will set foot on Egypt)
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cle. On—right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cle. He is a god; and knows
What is most right.

Thyr. Shall I, then, say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud, the great,
The universal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cle. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this. By deputation
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
And from his all-obeying breath to hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Cæsar's father, oft, [*Giving her hand.*
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lip on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why tarries thus my Cleopatra?—Ha?
Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Ant. Approach there: What, have you no ears?
I am

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Antony yet—Take hence this Jack, and whip him,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy; take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away. This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS with THYREUS.*

Cle. O, is it come to this? Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you," be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!

Re-enter ATTENDANTS with THYREUS.

Henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't! Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say,
He makes me angry; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And, at this time, most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires,
Into the abyss of hell.

Hence with thy stripes, begone! *[Exit THYREUS.]*

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cle. I must stay his time:

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cle. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cle. Ah, dear! if it be so,
From my cold heart let Heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar will soon sit down in Alexandria;
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Will nobly hold; our severed navy, too,
May knit again, our fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,
lady?

When in the field I enter, and return
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously ; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night ; call to me
All my sad captains ; fill our bowls ; once more,
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cle. It is my birth-day :
I had thought to have held it poor ; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so ; we'll speak to them ; to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen ;

There's sap in't yet :—the next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and LADIES.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Interior of CLEOPATRA's Palace.

Enter ALEXAS and ENOBARBUS.

Alex. Yes ; we shall fare but ill, now these same
Romans
Have cross'd the seas, and sat down here before us,
In Alexandria.

Eno. Most scurvily.

Alex. [*Looking out.*] But who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
He's of no vulgar note.

Eno. Ha!—'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east;
Who first shew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.

When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Alex. You seem to know him.

Eno. Ay;—I honour him.
A braver Roman never drew a sword.
Firm to his prince; but as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counsels.
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
Of an old true stamp Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes some good, I trust.—Withdraw,
We shall learn more, anon.

[*Exeunt ENOBARBUS and ALEXAS.*]

Enter VENTIDIUS and an EGYPTIAN ATTENDANT.

Ven. Nay, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived, to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards' holy-day in temples.

Enter an OFFICER of ANTONY.

Off. The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

Egyp. I dare not disobey him.

[*Exeunt OFFICER and EGYPTIAN ATTENDANT.*]

Ven. Well, I dare;—
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.
[*Withdraws.*]

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ven. On my soul,
'Tis mournful; wond'rous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, would'st thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune! thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.

Ven. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

[*ANTONY having thrown himself on the ground.*]

Ant. Lie here, thou shadow of an emperor!
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: Now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it,)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

Ven. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[*Standing before him.*]

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Ven. Are you Antony?

I'm more like what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private; leave me!

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Ven. My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not;—but I dare not leave you:
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.

Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew;
[Weeping.

I have not wept this forty years, but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heaven he weeps! poor, good old man,
he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.

Ven. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father——

Ven. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! why, that's the stile of victory;
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——

Ven. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.

Ven. Out with it, give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a battle.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st ;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it bravely ;

But Antony——

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony,—well, thou wilt have it—like a
coward fled,

Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Ventidius :

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave ;

I know thou camest prepared to rail.

Ven. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee. I have been a man, Ventidius,

Ven. Yes, and a brave one ; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning :—

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced

The name of soldier with inglorious ease.

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,

And purple greatness met my ripen'd years ;

When first I came to empire, I was borne

On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs ;

I was so great, so happy, so beloved,

Fate could not ruin me ; till I took pains

And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me :

My careless days, and my luxurious nights,

At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,

Gone, gone, divorced for ever.—'Pr'ythee, curse me.

Ven. No.

Ant. Why ?

Ven. I would bring balm, and pour it in your
wounds.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Ven. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ven. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Ven. You would be lost, then?

Ant. I am.

Ven. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate

Without just cause?—All's lost beyond repair;
I scorn the world, and think it not worth keeping.

Ven. Cæsar thinks not so;

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd; hold out your throat to Cæsar,
And so die tamely.

Ant. I can kill myself.

Ven. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us, now, to live;
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. Up for your honour's sake! twelve legions
wait you,

And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marshes to the Nile;
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces;
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's vir-
tue in 'em;

They'll sell their mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Ven. I said, on the banks o' the Nile.

Ant. Then, bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come;

They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieged.

Ven. There's but one way shut up :—How came I
hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Ven. They would, perhaps, desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Ven. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave?

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: She deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh! that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without a stain to honour.

Ven. You may kill me;
You have done more already,—call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Ven. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes;
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To join with Cæsar's bands? I could have been

A traitor then ; a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier ;
I've been too passionate.
Why did'st thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear ?

Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used,
Nor durst another man have ventured it :
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eye,
Were sure the chief, and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature !

Ant. But Cleopatra—
Go on ; for I can bear it now.

Ven. No more.

Ant. Thou dardest not trust my passion, but thou
may'st.

Do with me what thou wilt :
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Ven. And will you leave this—

Ant. Prythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her ; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire ; all but honour.
But I will leave her.

Ven. That's my royal master !
And shall we fight ?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier :
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron ;
And, at the head of our old troop, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come follow me !

Ven. O, now, I hear my emperor ! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all !
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. Oh, Cleopatra !

Ven. Again ?

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover

From all he holds most dear.

Ven. Methinks you breathe
Another soul: your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. O, thou hast fired me! my soul's up in arms,
And man's each part about me: once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;—
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Ven. Ye gods! ye gods!
For such another hour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Before Alexandria. CÆSAR'S Camp.

Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA and PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and urge on the fight;
Our will is, Antony be ta'en alive;
Make it so known.

Agrip. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit AGRIPPA.]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa.

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt. Shouts, flourishes, &c.*]

SCENE III.

The Gates of Alexandria.

Flourish and Shouts from ANTONY's Party.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

Ven. Ne'er, till this hour, fought I against my will
For Antony. Plague on his leave-taking!
I thought how her white arms would fold him in,
And mar my wholesome counsels. One hope still
Remains to part him from this.—[*Shouts.*]—So! he
comes.

Enter ANTONY, with his Forces.

Ant. This day is ours;—bravely thou fought'st,
Ventidius;
We have beat him to his camp.

Ven. True—against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And all Ægyptians;—Cæsar has the world

All at his beck ; nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps he makes.

Ant. Nay, Ventidius,
No more on this theme, now.—Run one before,
To tell the queen of our approach.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all ;
You have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as t'had been
Each man's like mine ; Oh ! you have shewn all
Hectors.

Enter the city ; clip your wives, your friends ;
Tell them your feats ; whilst they, with joyful tears,
Wash the concealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended:

O, thou day o'the world !
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants in triumph.

Cle. O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare, uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiss it, my warrior ; he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cle. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.

Ven. I'll none on't ;—no ;
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith.

Ant. Give me thy hand ; [To CLEOPATRA,
Through Alexandria make a jovial march ;

Bear our hack'd targets like the men that own them.
 Had our great palace the capacity,
 To camp this host, we all would drink carouses
 To next day's fate, together. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din rejoice the city's ear :
 Make mingle with our rattling tambourines,
 That Heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

Ven. (*Pulling ANTONY by the sleeve.*) Emperor !

Ant. 'Tis the old argument : I pr'ythee spare me.

Ven. But this one hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe, or by my father, Hercules,——

Ven. By Hercules's father, that's yet greater,
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observed ; attend me here,
 And I'll return. [*Exit.*

Ven. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him ;
 I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin ;
 And, sure the gods, like me, are fond of him :
 His virtues lie so mingled with his faults,
 As would confound their choice to punish one,
 And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer.

They look on us at distance, and, like curs,
 'Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off ;
 They lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
 Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
 Lie breathless on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well ; and he,
 Who lost 'em, could have spared ten thousand more.
 Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
 An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
 Of arms——

Ant. O, think not on't, Ventidius;
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace.
O, he's the coolest murderer; so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.

Ven. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Mæcenus or Agrippa might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

Ven. Fain would I find some other——

Ant. Thank thy love;
But wherefore drive me from myself, to search
For foreign aids? to hunt my memory
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends:
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome;
I scarce need tell his name;—'twas Dolabella.

Ven. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I fear'd he loved her. When he departed
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Ven. It argues that he loved you more than her;
Else had he staid;—but he perceived you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.

Ven. Perhaps,
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here!

Ven. Would you believe he loved you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp, with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Ven. I'll bring him instantly.

[Exit VENTIDIUS; and

Re-enters immediately, with DOLABELLA.

Ant. 'Tis he himself, by holy friendship !

[Runs to embrace him.

Art thou return'd at last, my better half ?

Come, give me all myself. Oh, Dolabella !

Thou hast beheld me other than I am.

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd

With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me ?

With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,

To worship my uprising ?

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now, and what am I ?

Ven. What you have made yourself. I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done ?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so ; I must join with him ;

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide :

Why am I else your friend ?

Ant. Take heed, young man,

How thou upbraid'st my love : The queen has eyes,

And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,

When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,

As accessory to thy brother's death ?

Dol. Spare my remembrance ; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself

For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,

Burnt on the water : the stern was beaten gold ;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept time, and made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description :—She did lie

In her pavilion,

O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature :—On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Dol. No more—I will not hear it.

Ant. 'Twas Heaven, or somewhat more ;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul ?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder ?
Did'st thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, " Oh ! tell her not
That I accused her of my brother's death."

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours ?
But yet the loss was private that I made :
'Twas but myself I lost : I lost no legions :
I had no world to lose, or people's love.

Ant. This from a friend ?

Ven. Yes, emperor, a true one.

Dol. A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
O, judge me not less kind because I chide :
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. O ye gods !
Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar !

Dol. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal :
While I wear this he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble ?
Methinks thou should'st not bring 'em else : granting
this,

What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a tempest
To honourable terms ?

It was my Dolabella, or some god.

Dol. Nor I; nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa :
They were your enemies ; and I, a friend,
Too weak alone ; yet 'twas a Roman deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done : Shew me that
person,
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour ;
Bring us but face to face.

Ven. That task is mine ;
And, Heaven, thou know'st how pleasing !
[Exit VENTIDIUS.]

Dol. You'll remember
To whom you stand obliged ?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind ; and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall give thanks too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Ant. She shall, she shall : the queen, my Dolabella !
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever ?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars ; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me ;
But she resisted all : and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so ?

Dol. Yes : there's my reason.

Re-enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA.

Ant. Where ? Octavia there ? [Starting back.]

Ven. What, is she poison to you ? A disease ?
Look on her, view her well.

Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive
her
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet her, embrace her, bid her welcome to you.
Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,
To clasp her in ; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to her.

Ant. I stood amazed to think how she came hither.

Ven. I sent to her; I brought her in, unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dol. Yet, are you cold?

Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Oct. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp;
But your Octavia, your much-injured wife,
Though banish'd from your bed, driven from your
house,

In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride.

I come to claim you as my own; to shew
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[*Taking his hand.*]

Ven. Do, take it, thou deservest it.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress.

Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a king; shall I fall down,
And cry, *forgive* me, Cæsar?—No, that word
Would choke me up, and die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd
me;

My friend, too! to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
And now I must become her branded slave.
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave.

Oct. My hard fortune
 Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
 But the conditions I have brought are such
 You need not blush to take: I love your honour,
 Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said
 Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
 Sir, you are free; free even from her you loath;
 For, though my brother bargains for your love,
 Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
 I have a soul like yours: I cannot take
 Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;
 He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
 To rule the East; I may be dropt at Athens;
 No matter where, I never will complain,
 But only keep the barren name of wife,
 And rid you of the trouble.

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour?
 Both scorn to be obliged.

Dol. O, she has touch'd him in the tend'rest part.
 See how he reddens with despite, and shame,
 To be outdone in generosity!

Ven. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
 That fain would fall!

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
 The greatness of your soul,
 But cannot yield to what you have proposed;
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
 But you do all for duty. You would free me;
 And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?

Oct. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be obliged
 To one who loves me not; who, to herself,
 May call me thankless, and ungrateful man;
 I'll not endure it; no.

Ven. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oct. Would you exult o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
 That pride was all I had to bear me up;

That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man that slights my bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not?

Oct. Therefore, my lord,

I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Oct. And therefore *I should* leave you,—if *I could*.

Ant. I am vanquish'd. Take me, Octavia;—

[Embracing her.

I've been a thriftless debtor to your love,
But all shall be amended.

Oct. O, blest hour!

Dol. Happy change!

Ven. My joy stops at my tongue;

But it has found two channels here, for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ant. *[To OCTAVIA.]* This is thy triumph; lead
me where thou wilt;

Even to thy brother's camp.

Oct. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS, hastily.

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—

Ant. 'Tis past!

Octavia, you shall stay this night; to-morrow,
Cæsar and we are one.

[Exit, leading OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA follows.

Ven. There's news for you; run, my officious
pandar;

Be sure to be the first; haste forward: go—

Haste, my dear go-between!—haste! *[Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of the City of Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Ant. 'Tis plain, Ventidius, Cæsar has dissembled ;
He knows no honour, he !—and the conditions,
Sent by Octavia and Dolabella,
Were treacherously meant.

Ven. You please to think so.

Ant. Is it not clear ?—He'll not withdraw his
troops.

Ven. And thus the war continues.—I had hopes
To patch up peace.

Ant. Thou see'st it cannot be.

Ven. Well, well !

Ant. So cold ! wilt *thou*, as numbers have,
When fortune is upon the wane, forsake me ?

Ven. I shall forsake you when I die ; not sooner.

Ant. My friend !

[*Softened.*]

Ven. Come, cheerly, general ; your genius
O'er Cæsar's still may rise. For him you conquer'd ;
Philippi knows it ;—then you shared with him
That empire which your sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was ! upon my eagle's wing
I bore this wren, till I was tired of soaring,
And, now, he mounts above me.

Ven. We lose time.

The day advances.

Ant. We'll to yonder eminence :—
The preparation is, to-day, by sea ;
We please them not by land,

Ven. The preparation
Is both for sea and land : On sea, I fear,
'Tis a frail venture, since your loss at Actium.

Ant. I would they fought in fire, or in the air !
We'd fight there too.—But, this it is, Ventidius :
Order for sea is given ; and our best force
Is forth to man the gallies.—With our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Their naval movements we may best discover,
And look on their endeavours.—Follow me.

[*Exit* ANTONY.]

Ven. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests ; the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell,—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. To the last,
Though my brave general be fall'n to dotage,
My love, against my judgment, clings to him.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Interior of CLEOPATRA's Palace.

Shouts at a distance.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cle. Hear'st thou how fares the battle ?

Char. Antony

Now stands surveying our Egyptian gallees
Engaging Cæsar's fleet. [Shout again.

Cle. Now death, or conquest!

Iras. Have comfort, madam; 'twas a cheering shout.

[Shouts repeated,

Hark! they redouble it.

Cle. Good news, kind Heaven!

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. O, horror, horror!

Egypt has been;—our latest hour is come;

Time has unroll'd our glories to the last,

And, now, closed up the volume.

Cle. Say the worst.

Alex. Proud on the waves, your well-appointed fleet
Row'd forth to sea, and smooth the well-timed oars
Were dipt to meet the foe. Soon did they meet,
But not as foes! In brief, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up; Egyptian gallees
(Received like *friends*) past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and, now, they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cle. Enough, Alexas;

I've heard my doom!—What says Mark Antony?

Where is he? Oh, he will be more enraged

Than Telamon for his shield!

Alex. You must avoid him.

He raves on you, and cries he is betray'd.

His fury shakes his fabric like an earthquake;

Heaving for vent, he bursts like bellowing Ætna,

In sounds scarce human.—Do not see him yet.

Cle. I must not.—Whither go?

Alex. Retire, awhile,

Within your monument:—meet not this tempest;

It will o'erblow.

Cle. Not till he hears I'm dead;—

Then would this gust of anger end in grief.

Alex. E'en that way turn it, then;—let me report

To Antony that you have slain yourself :
When undeceived, his joy will be so great,
He will forgive, if not forget, the ills
Our fleet hath wrought him.

Cle. Well, well, be it so. Away, Alexas !

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

And yet, 'tis not for fear that I avoid him :
I know him noble ; when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life.
But I'll be justified, and then die with him.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA and her Women.*]

SCENE III.

Within the Town of Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Gods ! how this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd
me !

Her fleet and Cæsar's mingle in the port,
And there, like long-lost friends, carouse together.
O, sun ! thy up-rise shall I see no more ;
Fortune and Antony part here, even here !——
All come to this ! to this !

Ven. This Ægypt is
One universal traitor ; and their queen
The spirit, and the extract, of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left a possibility ?——
The least unmortgaged hope ?—for, if there be,
Methinks I should not fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.

Ven. There are yet

(The remnant now fled with us from the hills)
 Three legions left. If death be your *design*,
 As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
 To make a heap about us of dead foes,
 An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.

Ven. Now you shall see I love you :—not a word
 Of chiding more : By my few hours of life,
 I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
 That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you.

Ant. Who knows but yet we may——

Enter ALEXAS.

How now, Alexas ?

Ven. He comes from Cleopatra ;—from your ruin ;
 And looks a lie before he utters it.
 Hence, villain, hence !

Ant. Away from me for ever !
 No syllable to justify thy queen :
 Let her begone ; the blot of my renown,
 And bane of all my hopes ! Let her be driven
 As far as man can think, from human commerce ;
 She'll poison to the centre !

Alex. Sir, be satisfied,
 She'll ne'er molest you more ;—she could not bear
 To be accused by you ; but shut herself
 Within her monument : Her silent tears
 Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting
 At last, with dying looks——

Ant. My heart forebodes !——

Ven. All for the best : Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
 And ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
 Plunged it within her breast. Go, bear my lord,
 (Turning to me, she said,) my last farewell ;
 And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith :——
 More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt :——

She half pronounced your name with her last breath,
And half was lost with it.

Ant. And art thou dead?

Dead, Cleopatra! Oh, then what am I?

The murderer of this truth, this innocence!

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt! Oh, my poor love!

Ven. Is't come to this? the gods have been too
gracious;

And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. [To ALEXAS.] Why stay'st thou here?

Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,

And see its inward mourning? get thee hence:—

Thou art not worthy to behold what, now,

Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.

[*Exit* ALEXAS.]

I will not fight; there's no more work for war;

The business of my angry hours is done.

Ven. Cæsar is at your gate.

Ant. Why, let him enter;

He's welcome, now.

Ven. What lethargy has crept into your soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire

To free myself from bondage.

Ven. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, Ventidius?

What should I fight for now? My Cleopatra,

Now thou art dead, let Cæsar take the world,—

An empty circle, since the jewel's gone

Which made it worth my strife.

Ven. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;

But as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius.

Ven. I shall not outlive you. I could wish

We threw life from us with a better grace;

That, like two lions, taken in the toils,

We might, at least, thrust out our paws, and wound

The hunters that enclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't;
Ventidius, you must live.

Ven. I must not, sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live to speak some good of
me?

To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill tongues of men?

Ven. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Ven. If we die well, our deaths will speak them-
selves,

And need no living witness.

Ant. Thou hast loved me,
And fain I would reward thee; I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Ven. Did I think
You would have used me thus? that I should die
With a hard thought of you!

Ant. Forgive me, Roman;
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue.
I have thought better; do not twice deny me.

Ven. By heaven, I will not,
So it be not to outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first.

Ven. Give me your hand.
We shall soon meet again. Now, farewell, emperor—
[Embraces]

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
And, yet, I cannot look on you, and kill you:
Pray, turn your face.

Ant. I do: strike home, be sure.

Ven. Home as my sword will reach! [Kills himself.]

Ant. O, thou mistakest:
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ven. Think 'tis the first time that I e'er deceived
you,

If that may plead my pardon. And, you gods,
Forgive me, oh, forgive! for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. *[Dies.]*

Ant. Farewell! Ever my leader, even in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour. *[Falls on his Sword.]*
Ah! not dead!

I've miss'd my heart—O, unperforming hand!
Thou never could'st have err'd in a worse time.
[Noise without.]

Hark! I hear footsteps.—Oh, dispatch, dispatch
me!

Enter PHILO, with Soldiers.

Philo. Whence are those groans! Ha,—'tis our
general!

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends; make, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

Philo. Not I!—nor any one.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where is Mark Antony?

Philo. *[Mournfully.]* Here, Diomed!

Dio. Oh, heavy sight! *[Sees ANTONY.]*

Ant. Diomed, is it not?

Dio. I come, sir, from the queen; from Cleopatra.

Ant. When did she send?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Now! where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument:—for when she
heard

You did suspect she had made terms with Cæsar,
(Which never will be found) and that your rage
Could not be sooth'd, she yielded to Alexas

Her hasty leave to tell you she was dead.
But, fearing since, how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late!

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard!—Come,
your Lord calls.

Enter a GUARD.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

A Soldier. Woe, woe are we, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out!

Ant. Nay, my good fellows! please not our hard
fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Yonder lies,
In death, the brave Ventidius:—Bear his corpse
To burial;—and respect it as my own.—
And—life flows fast—Take me to Cleopatra!

[Soldiers throng round, and support him.]

I've led you oft;—lead me, now, gallant friends,
And have my thanks for all!

*[Exit MARK ANTONY, supported by his guard
and other soldiers, who bear away the body of
VENTIDIUS.]*

SCENE III.

A Street in Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA, and
Soldiers.*

Cæs. How! fall'n upon his sword, and dying, say
you?

Dol. 'Tis held for certain that he cannot live.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a spirit should
Convulse the frame of nature; this our globe
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to dens. In his name lay
A society of the world. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this: I must, perforce,
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine.

Agr. Cæsar is touch'd.

Dol. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. Come hither, Dolabella;
Hie thee to Cleopatra; say to her
We purpose her no shame; give her what comfort
The quality of her passion shall require:
Lest, in her greatness, by some desperate act
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*

On, in our march, through Alexandria.

[*Flourish. Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Interior of a Monument.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS, discovered.

Cle. O, sun! now quit the shining sphere thou
movest in,
And leave the world in darkness. O, Mark Antony!

Enter ANTONY, supported by the Guard.

Help, help! [Running to him.]

Ant. I'm dying, Cleopatra, dying!
But here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cle. O, come, come, come! [Embracing him.]
And die where thou hast lived.

Ant. One word, sweet:
Of Cæsar seek your honour and your safety.

Cle. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;—
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cle. My resolution, and my hand, I'll trust;—
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change, now, at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes;
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly;—put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman,
Valiantly vanquish'd;—and——my spirit is going;
I can no more!—one kiss!—and——oh! [Dies.]

Cle. The crown o' the earth doth melt ! My lord !
 my lord !
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war !
 The soldier's pride is fall'n ; the odds are gone ;
 And there is nothing left of worth beneath
 The visiting moon !

Char. O, quietness, dear lady !

[*CLEOPATRA faints.*]

Iras. Oh, madam, madam !

Char. Leave us with the queen,
 A while, good Diomed. Take the soldiers hence.

[*Exit DIOMEDES, with the Soldiers.*]

Cle. [*Recovering.*] Ah me !—Is't Charmion there ?
 what, *Iras*, too ?

Char. Dear royal empress !

Cle. Good now, come ; take heart ;
 We'll bury him ; and then what's brave, what's
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us.

Iras. Listen !—hark !—

Some one approaches.

Cle. Surprised !

Enter DOLABELLA.

E'en be it so.—Well, sir, you come from Cæsar.

Dol. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt,
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cle. What's thy name ?

Dol. My name is Dolabella :—
 Most noble queen, assuredly you know me ?

Cle. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
 You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams ;
 Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cle. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony :—
 O, such another sleep ! that I might see

But such another man !

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cle. He'll lead me, then, in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will : Once, sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this :—Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You, with your children, will he send before :
Make your best use of this ; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cle. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I, your servant.

Adieu, good queen ! I must attend on Cæsar.

Cle. Farewell, and thanks ! [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Now, Charmion, what think'st thou ?

Thou ; an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I.

Char. O, the good gods ! and must we live to see
it ?

Cle. No, never, never, Charmion ! thou rememberest,

This morn, a rural fellow brought me fruit ;
And at the bottom of his basket lurk'd
The pretty worm of Nile, that kills, and pains not :
Bring me that basket. [*Exit CHARMION.*]

Methinks I hear

Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act : I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath.

Enter CHARMION with the basket.

Char. Oh, madam ! what is it you have resolved ?

Cle. [*Taking the basket.*] Dull that thou art ! I go
to meet my love.

Ay, here's the aspick :—Husband, now I come !

[Goes to a couch which she ascends ; her women compose her on it.]

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So, have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmion ! Iras, long farewell !

[Kissing them.]

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ! that I may say

The gods themselves do weep.

Come, mortal wretch, *[To the asp, applying it:]*

Come, thou poor venomous fool !

Be angry and dispatch.

Char. O, eastern star !

Cle. Peace, peace !

I soon shall meet my noble Antony,

And meet his kiss, which 'tis my heaven to have.

Char. O, break ! O, break my heart !

Cle. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony ! *[Dies.]*

Enter GUARD.

Guard. Where is the queen ?

Approach, ho ! All's not well.

What work is here ! Charmion, is this well done ?

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How now ?

Way there ! make way for Cæsar !

Enter CÆSAR and his Officers.

Dol. O, sir ! you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæsar. Bravest at the last :

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of her death ?
I do not see her bleed ; she looks like sleep ;

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

1st Guard. [*Taking up the basket.*] These leaves
have slime upon them ;
Such as the aspick leaves upon the caves of Nile.

Cæsar. Most probable
That so she fell ; for I have oft been told
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.
Now bear the bodies from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony ;
Then we'll to Rome.—Come, Dolabella ; see
High honour in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Party.*]

SCENE V.

A Street in Alexandria.

*Enter PROCULEIUS, with an Officer, and a Company
of Soldiers.*

Pro. Halt. We must here abide till Dolabella
Arrive, to tell us how we may proceed
In the interment of Mark Antony ;
Lo ! in good time he comes.

Enter DOLABELLA,

Dol. Well met, my friends,—
If well we meet upon a cause so mournful.

Pro. Antony was your friend.

Dol. He was ;—none, once,
So dear to me as Antony ;—not Cæsar ;

We were so closed within each other's bosoms,
 The rivets were not found that join'd us fast.
 War sunder'd us!—Oh, in his happier day,
 His legs bestrid the ocean;—his rear'd arm
 Crested the world;—his voice was property'd
 As all the tuned spheres, unto his friends;
 But when he meant to quail, and strike the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder.

Proc. How stands the order for our march?

Dol. E'en thus:—

Attend the ceremony, as to serve,
 Rather than to command, its order.—They
 Who served Mark Antony, e'en to the last,
 The best will honour him.—Our Cæsar's troops
 Must be subservient;—Antony's adherents
 Must fix the order of procession, and
 Admit us, or reject us, at their will.

Pro. I am instructed.

Dol. I shall go with you.

Pro. Now, soldiers, march!

[Soldiers and their leaders march out.]

SCENE VI.

Alexandria.

A Grand Funeral Procession;

During which is sung the following

EPICEDIUM.

CHORUS.

*Cold in death the hero lies ;
 Nerveless, now, the victor's arm ;*

*Quench'd the light'ning of his eyes,
 The foe to daunt, the fair to charm.
 Mourn, soldiers, mourn ! your day is done ;
 Valour has lost its cheering sun ;
 The Roman glory sets on Egypt's shore,
 And great Mark Antony will rise no more.*

SOLO.

*Oh, comrades ! many a time has he
 Led us to glorious victory ! •
 Then, blush not, friends, at drops that force
 Down manhood's cheek their rugged course :
 The tears that soldiers o'er their general shed,
 Are brave men's tribute to a brave man dead.*

TRIO, OR QUARTETTO.

*A constant fire his courage glow'd ;
 A ceaseless stream his bounty flow'd.
 If riches in the field of fame he reap'd,
 The harvest was on love and friendship heap'd.*

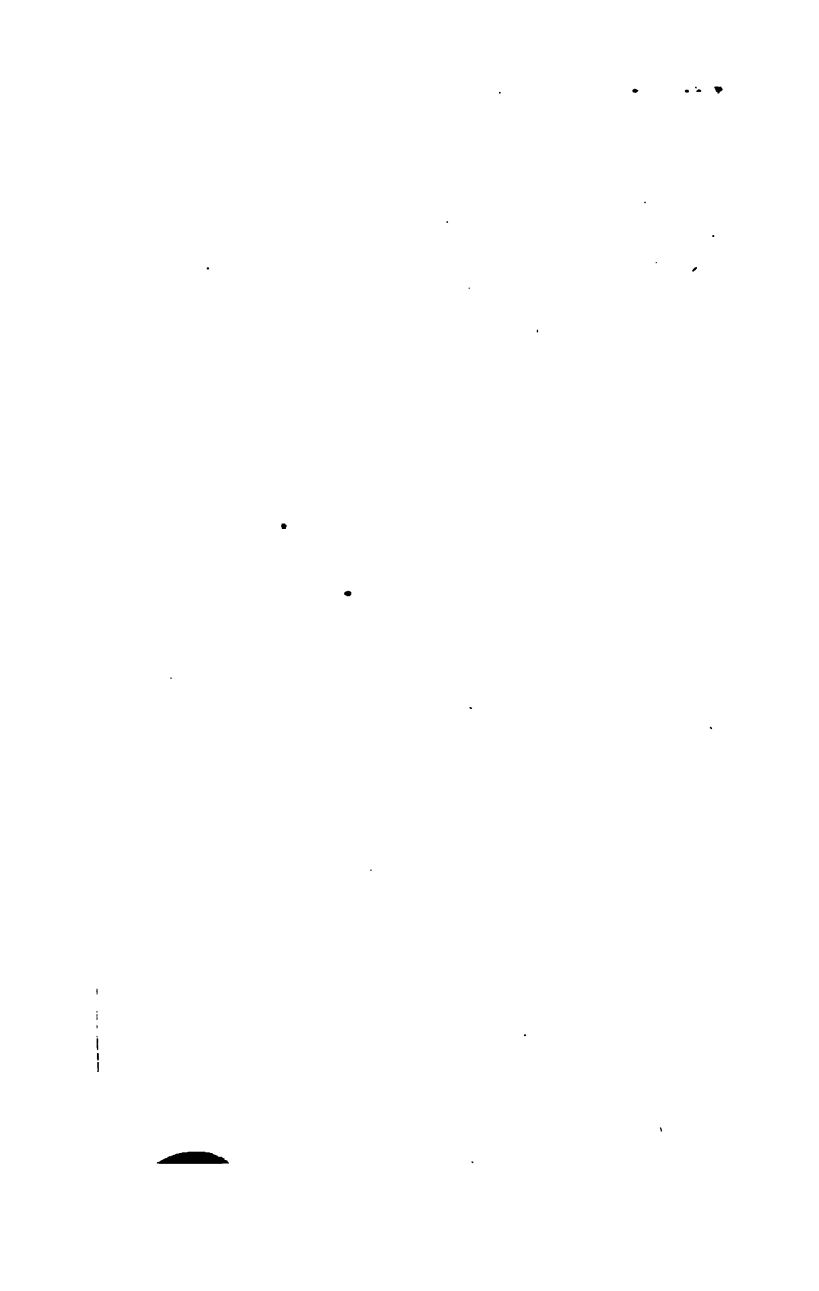
SOLO.

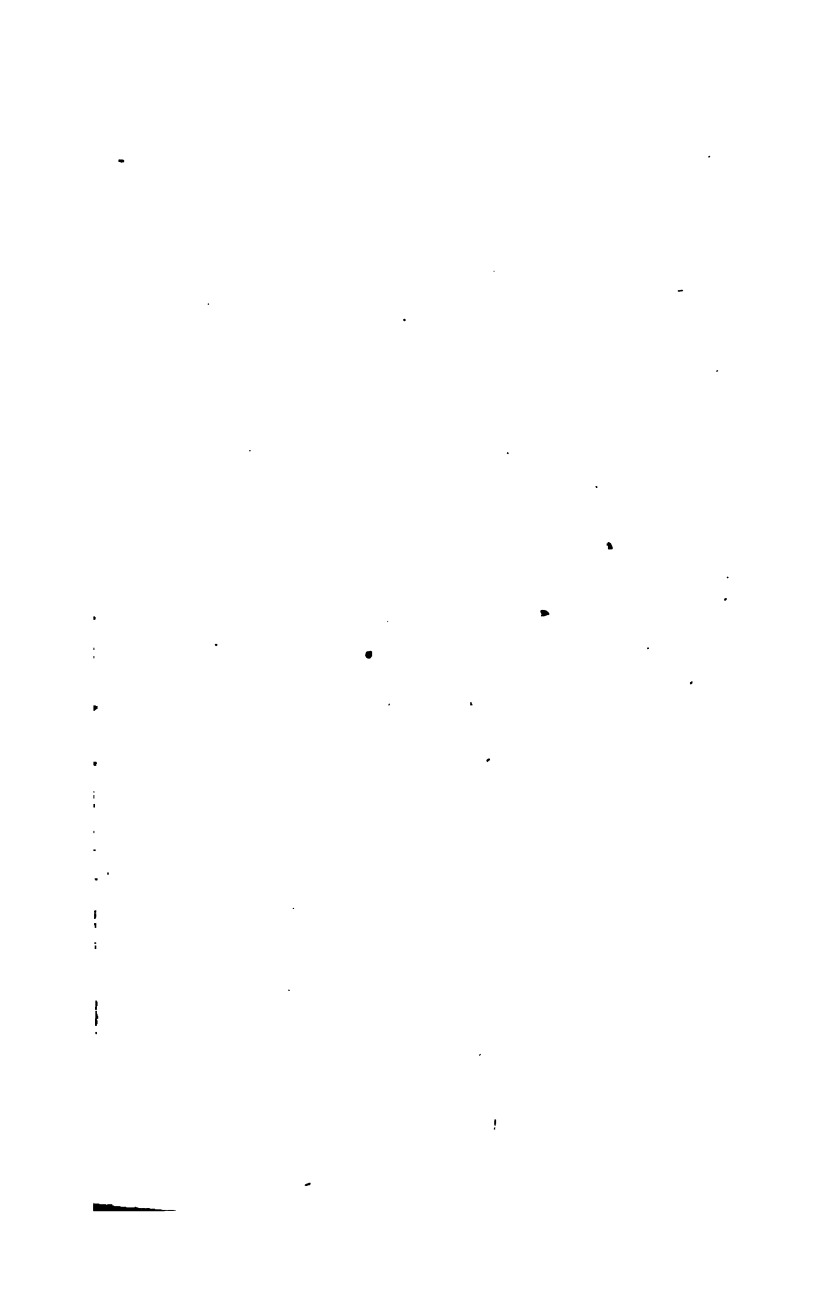
*When Mars no longer battled on his side,
 And Neptune, weary of his prowess grown,
 Buoy'd him no more to conquest down the tide,
 E'en then no sword subdued him but his own.
 While Cleopatra's grave ye trim,
 There her loved Antony inter ;
 For she her Egypt lost for him,
 He half the world for her.*

GRAND CHORUS.

*No monument, till now, could boast a pair
So famed, yet, ah ! so luckless in their doom ;
Long will the doves of Venus murmur there,
And shouts of warriors thunder o'er the tomb.*

THE END.





KING JOHN.



CONSTANCE. HERE I AND BARRIBOW SIT: HERE IS MY
THRONE, BUT KING JOHN COME NOW TO IT.
ACT II. SCENE I.

Painted by Howard.

Printed by Longman & Co. (M.D.)

Designed by C. Heath.

KING JOHN;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS ;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

THIS tragedy is one amongst Shakspeare's dramas, which requires, in representation, such eminent powers of acting, that it is scarcely ever brought upon the stage, but when a theatre has to boast of performers highly gifted in their art.

The part of King John is held most difficult to perform. John is no hero, and yet he is a murderer—his best actions are debased by meanness, deceit, or cowardice, and yet he is a king. Here is then to be portrayed, thirst of blood, without thirst of fame; and dignity of person, with a grovelling mind.

Garrick was so little satisfied with his own performance of this character, that, after playing it with cold approbation from the audience, he changed it for the illegitimate Faulconbridge; where nature forced him to oppose the author's meaning by a diminutive person, though art did all its wonders in his favour.

The genius of Kemble gleams terrific through the gloomy John. No auditor can hear him call for his

“ Kingdom's rivers to take their course

“ Through his burn'd bosom,”

and not feel for that moment parched with a scorching fever.

Yet, in a previous scene with Hubert, by suffering his auditors to get before him, as it were, he fails of perfection in the part. An attentive audience is never dull of comprehension ; and, however swiftly an actor proceeds, will follow close : but if permitted to gain ground of him, and penetrate the secret he should disclose, he gives up his prerogative by dallying with the impatient, who dive into impending events, with fatal consequence to all scenic deception.

Though Hubert sinks in importance by not being of the blood royal in this play, his character is illustrious from his virtue. Cooke, in the habit of performing characters far superior, elevates Hubert so much above the level where performers in general place him, that he displays, in this single instance, abating every other, abilities of the very first class.

Constance is the favourite part both of the poet and the audience ; and she has been highly fortunate under the protection of the actress. It was the part in which that idol of the public, Mrs Cibber, was most of all adored ; and the following lines, uttered by Mrs Siddons in Constance,

“ ——— Here I and sorrow sit :

“ This is my throne, bid kings come bow to it,”

seem like a triumphant reference to her own potent skill in the delineation of woe, as well as to the agonizing sufferings of the mother of young Arthur.

Faulconbridge, one of the brightest testimonies of Shakspeare's comic power, is excellent relief to that

part of the tragedy which may be styled more dull than pathetic. Mr C. Kemble personates this child of love, as Shakspeare himself could wish.—If those who remember Garrick in the part complain of C. Kemble's inferior gaiety and spirit, the inferiority is granted. Still, he would be something nearer an equality with this great archetype of actors, could but those critics recall *their* gaiety and spirit, which, in their juvenile days, inspired them with the ardour to admire.

Prince Arthur is of more importance than either manager or actors generally conceive. They seldom care whether a princely or plebeian child is to perform the part; whether from feature, or from voice, Arthur should belie his royal birth, and take away all sympathy in his own and his mother's sufferings.

Though Shakspeare's King John is inferior to many of his plays, yet it contains some poetic passages, and some whole scenes, written with his hand, beyond all power of forgery.

Theobald says, in his commentaries on this drama, “The action of the play begins at the thirty-fourth year of the king's life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND	<i>Mr Kemble.</i>
PRINCE HENRY	<i>Mr Menage.</i>
EARL OF PEMBROKE	<i>Mr Creswell.</i>
EARL OF ESSEX	<i>Mr Chapman.</i>
EARL OF SALISBURY	<i>Mr H. Siddons.</i>
HUBERT	<i>Mr Cooke.</i>
FAULCONBRIDGE	<i>Mr C. Kemble.</i>
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE	<i>Mr Abbot.</i>
ENGLISH HERALD	<i>Mr Klanert.</i>
JAMES GURNEY	<i>Mr Curties.</i>
FIRST EXECUTIONER	<i>Mr Atkins.</i>
SECOND EXECUTIONER	<i>Mr Truman.</i>
ENGLISH KNIGHTS—	<i>Messrs. L. Bologna, Harley,</i>
	<i>King, and Lee.</i>

PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE	<i>Mr Murray.</i>
LEWIS, THE DAUPHIN	<i>Mr Brunton.</i>
PRINCE ARTHUR	<i>Mrs Creswell.</i>
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA	<i>Mr Cory.</i>
CARDINAL PANDULPH	<i>Mr Hull.</i>
CHATILLON	<i>Mr Claremont.</i>
FRENCH HERALD	<i>Mr Field.</i>
CITIZENS OF ANGIERS—	<i>Messrs Davenport, Lewiss,</i>
	<i>and Platt.</i>
FRENCH KNIGHTS—	<i>Messrs Dick, Powers, Reeves,</i>
	<i>and Sarjant.</i>

QUEEN ELINOR	<i>Mrs St. Leger.</i>
LADY CONSTANCE	<i>Mrs Siddons.</i>
BLANCH OF CASTILE	<i>Miss Waddy.</i>
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE	<i>Mrs Humphries.</i>

SCENE,—*Sometimes in England, sometimes in France.*

KING JOHN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

England.—The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN, *upon the Throne*, **QUEEN ELINOR**, **Essex**, **SALISBURY**, **PEMBROKE**, **HUBERT**, **CHATILLON**,—*English and French GENTLEMEN,—and English GUARDS, discovered.*

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Cha. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here—

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother;—hear the embassy.

Cha. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother, Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim.
To this fair island and the territories;

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sov-reign.

K. John What follows, if we disallow of this?

Cha. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcib'ly withheld.

K. John Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Cha. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him; and so depart in
peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Hubert, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON, HUBERT, and the
FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, who whispers ESSEX.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right,
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.

Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—

[*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD.]

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with PHILIP and ROBERT
FAULCONBRIDGE.

What men are you? [*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD.]

Faul. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion, knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Faul. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Faul. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine:—
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Faul. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy :

But whether I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head ;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him ;—

O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath Heaven lent us here !

El. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face ;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him :—

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,

Your brother did employ my father much ;—

Faul. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time :

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak :

But truth is truth : large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,

(As I have heard my father speak himself,)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:—
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives.—

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Faul. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
bridge,

And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Faul. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him,
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin;
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well:—Wilt thou forsake thy for-
tune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Faul. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Faul. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whose
form thou bear'st;

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Faul. Brother, by my mother's side, give me your
hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!—
Brother, adieu:—good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge! now hast thou thy
desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

[Exit ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.]

Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exit all
but FAULCONBRIDGE.]

Faul. A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"Good den, Sir Richard"—"God-a-mercy, fellow!"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.—
But who comes in such haste?
What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother.

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and GURNEY.

How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily?

L. Faul. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Faul. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son? Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

L. Faul. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Faul. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Faul. Philip?—sparrow!—James, There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit GURNEY.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess,)

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

L. Faul. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Faul. Knight, knight, good mother:—Basilisk-like!—

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.—

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land:

Legitimation, name, and all is gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father :

Some proper man, I hope :—Who was it, mother ?

L. Faul. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge ?

Faul. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

L. Faul. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy fa-
ther :

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

To make room for him in my husband's bed ;

Thou art the issue of my dear offence :

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !

Faul. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly !

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father !

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.—

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou had'st said him nay, it had been sin :

Who says, it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*France.**The Walls of Angiers.**Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter PHILIP, King of France, LEWIS, the Dauphin,
ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, the ARCHDUKE of AUSTRIA,
FRENCH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, a TRUMPET,
and GUARD.

K. Phil. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. Heaven shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
Ev'n till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs, that lift
their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood;
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash hate so indirectly shed.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived—

Enter CHATILLON and FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
Chatillon, speak.

Cha. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege;

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.—

[A March at a distance.]

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

A March.

Enter KING JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, SALISBURY, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH HERALD, GENTLEMAN, a TRUMPET, and GUARDS.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!

K. Phil. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!—
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of Heaven,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,

When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phil. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right :

That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong.

K. John. A'ack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse : it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Con. Let me make answer ; thy usurping son.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !

I would, that I were low laid in my grave :

I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Con. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;

Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and earth !

Aust. Peace !

Faul. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Faul. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An a 'may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;

Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

K. Phil. King John, this is the very sum of all,—

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the
walls

These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[The French Trumpet sounds a Parley.]

Enter CITIZENS upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself ;

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For your advantage ;—therefore, hear us
first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
'To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears ;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us
both.

Lo, in this right hand,
Stands young Plantagenet:
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes.

Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Faul. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Faul. Some bastards too.

K. Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King !

K. Phil. Amen, amen !—Mount, chevaliers ! to
arms !

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt all
but AUSTRIA and FAULCONBRIDGE.*]

Faul. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and
e'er since

Sits on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Faul. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

[*Exeunt AUSTRIA and FAULCONBRIDGE.*]

Alarums.

*Enter FRENCH HERALD with a Trumpet, who
sounds a Parley.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground ;
While victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD with a Trumpet, who sounds a Parley.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!

Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows:

One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

A Charge.

Enter the two KINGS, with their Powers, as before.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?

K. Phil. England, thou hast not saved one drop of
blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France:
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead.

Faul. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havock, kings ! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your king ?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up ~~him~~ right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy ;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this ;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

Faul. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
you, Kings ;

Your royal presences be ruled by me :
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion ;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
heads,

I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

K. Phil. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faul. O prudent discipline ! from north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :—
I'll stir them to it :—Come, away, away !

Cit. Hear us, great kings : Vouchsafe a while to
stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league ;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound.
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to
hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady
Blanch,

Is near to England : Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in :
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates :
Without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion ; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faul. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phil. What say'st thou, bey ? look in the lady's
face.

Lew. I do, my lord : and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS and
BLANCH, *talk apart.*

Faul. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !
And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor : This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

K. John. What say these young ones ? What say
you, my niece ?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin ; can you
love this lady ?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Philip of France, if thou be pleased
withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well ;—Young Princes, close
your hands.
Now, Citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made.—

Exeunt CITIZENS.

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop ?

Lew. She is sad and passionate, at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady?

[The CITIZENS open the Gates, and enter, to present the Keys of the Town.]

K. John. We will heal up all:

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance,

Some speedy messenger; bid her repair

To our solemnity.—

[Exit SALISBURY.]

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE.]

Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As Heaven's own soldier,) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity—

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,

From a resolved and honourable war,

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,

When his fair angels would salute my palm;

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;

And being rich, my virtue then shall be,

To say,—there is no vice, but beggary;
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord : for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

France.

The FRENCH KING's Tent.

Enter ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, and SALISBURY.

Con. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?

It is not so : thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard ;
I have a King's oath to the contrary—
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true ?

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That gave you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die.
Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content,

Con. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content :
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth,—dear boy !
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose : but Fortune, O !
 She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the Kings.

Con. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
 thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up ; here I and sorrow sit :
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[Throws herself on the Ground.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 AUSTRIA, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, CHATIL-
 LON, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH HE-
 RALD, FRENCH HERALD, ENGLISH and FRENCH
 GENTLEMEN, and GUARDS.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed
 day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival ;

The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Con. [*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day!—

What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Con. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and try'd,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil! Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward:

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety !
Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me !

Faul. And hand a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs,

Aust. Thou dar'est not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

A Trumpet sounds.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, attended.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven !—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale ; and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more ;—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the Pope ; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself ;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be,
That I have leave with Rome to curse awhile !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because—

Faul. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
If not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,

- So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faul. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blan. Upon my wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

O husband, hear me:—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love: What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee up-
holds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Con. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Cousin, go draw your puissance together.—

[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phil. Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms
let's hie!

[*A Charge.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*France.**A Field of Battle.**Alarums.**Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Faul. Now, by my life, this day grows wonderous
hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. [*A Charge.*]

*Enter AUSTRIA; FAULCONBRIDGE and AUSTRIA
engage; FAULCONBRIDGE drives AUSTRIA off the
Stage; and presently re-enters with the Lion's skin
in his Hand.*

Faul. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes. [*A Charge.*]

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN,
and HUBERT.*

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy;
[*Exeunt HUBERT and ARTHUR.*]

Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.
[*A Charge.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*France.**Another Part of the Field.**A Retreat sounded.*

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, ENGLISH HERALD, and GUARDS.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[To ELINOR.]
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To ARTHUR.]
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before:
[To FAULCONBRIDGE.]

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Paul. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your faith safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*Taking ARTHUR aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet :

But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say.—But let it go ;
The sun is in the Heaven : and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;—
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah! I will not: Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.—

I could be merry now.—Hubert, I love thee;—
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.—
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

[*Exeunt ELINOR and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.*]

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On, towards Calais, ho!—
Hubert, remember.—

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt KING
JOHN, HUBERT, ARTHUR, the LORDS,
GENTLEMEN, HERALD, and GUARDS.*]

SCENE IV.

*France.**The French Court.**Enter LEWIS, KING PHILIP, and PANDULPH.*

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest in the flood,
A whole armada of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pan. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so
ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption?—

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:

Enter CONSTANCE.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Con. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle
Constance!

Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death:—O, amiable, lovely death:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O, come to me!

K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost ;
I am not mad ;—I would to Heaven I were !
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses.

Con. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Con. O, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat his bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit :
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

[Exit CONSTANCE.]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit KING PHILIP.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me
joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught, but shame and bitterness.

Pan. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all show evil :
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.
John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him.
Go with me to the King: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us
go;

If you say, Ay, the King will not say, No.

[*Exeunt the CARDINAL and LEWIS.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

England.

A Room in a Castle.

*Enter HUBERT, with Irons in his Hand, and Two
EXECUTIONERS.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou
stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me:—
Be heedful:—hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:—look
to't.— [*Exeunt EXECUTIONERS.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long :
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not : And I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
In sooth, I would you were a little sick :
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.— [*Gives him a Warrant.*]
How now, foolish rheum !—

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: Do, and if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him: no tongue, but Hu-
bert's.

Hub. Come forth.—

[*HUBERT stamps, and the EXECUTIONERS
enter with the Irons and Cords.*]

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily :
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt EXECUTIONERS.*]

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend !
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven !—that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue : let me not,
Hubert !

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !—
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
grief ;

The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Hub. I will not touch thine eyes,

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.—
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.

England.

The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN upon his Throne, **ESSEX, PEMBROKE,**
SALISBURY, and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, disco-
vered.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;—
Meantime, but ask

What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you, your requests.

Sal. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
Request

The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
[Exit HUBERT.]

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Ess. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life!

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt* ESSEX, PEMBROKE, and SALISBURY.

K. John. They burn in indignation:—I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

[*Exeunt* KING JOHN and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

SCENE III.

England.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING JOHN, *meeting the* ENGLISH HERALD.

K. John. A fearful eye thou hast! Where is that
blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?—
How goes all in France?

E. Her. From France to England.—Never such a
power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

E. Her. My liege, her ear

Is stepp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before.

K. John. What, mother! dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

E. Her. Under the dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tidings.—

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news: for it is full.

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

[Going.]

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

K. John. O, my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Faul. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it;

Besides, I met Lord Essex and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.*]

K. John. Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he. [*Exit the ENGLISH HERALD.*]

K. John. My mother dead!—

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-
night;
Four fix'd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the bearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:

Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not pre-
voke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!—

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

And bid me tell my tale in express words;

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
Young Arthur is alive.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And all imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.—
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

[*Exeunt* KING JOHN and HUBERT.]

SCENE IV.

*England.**The Gates of a Castle.**Enter ARTHUR on the Walls of the Castle.*

Arth. The wall is high : and yet will I leap down :
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not ;
 I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.]

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !
[Dies.]

Enter SALISBURY, with Letters, PEMBROKE, and ESSEX.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St Edmund's Bury ;
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. Count Chatillon, a noble lord of France ;
 Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Ess. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Faul. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
 lords !

The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;
 We'll not attend the foot,

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Ess. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Faul. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Faul. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison :—What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Ess. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it, too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you be-
held,

Or have you read or heard,—or could you think,—
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ?—This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Faul. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? *[Draws his Sword.]*

Faul. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. *[Draws.]* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand
back, I say ;

By Heaven, I think my sword as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Sal. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
Yet I am none :—Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

[PEMBROKE and ESSEX draw.]

Faul. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by ; or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Faul. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :—
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Sal. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Salisbury, I am none.

Sal. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Ess. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

[*Exit* ESSEX.]

Pem. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exit* PEMBROKE.]

Faul. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir:

Upon my soul,—

Faul. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me!—
I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt FAULCONBRIDGE and HUBERT, bearing
ARTHUR in his arms.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

England.

The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *his* ATTENDANTS, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, and HERALD, *discovered.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pan. Take again, [*Gives KING JOHN the Crown.*]
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the
French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches.

Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

[*Exit PANDULPH, with his ATTENDANTS.*]

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
out,
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faul. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faul. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

Is stepp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before.

K. John. What, mother! dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

E. Her. Under the dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tidings.—

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news: for it is full.

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

[*Going.*

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

K. John. O, my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Faul. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it;

Besides, I met Lord Essex and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsmap, go,

SCENE II.

*England.**The DAUPHIN'S Camp at St Edmund's Bury.*

Enter LEWIS, CHATILLON, a Parchment in his Hand, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, FRENCH HERALD, and GUARDS.

Lew. Let this be copied out, Chatillon,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

Lew. Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven ;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, attended.

Pan. Hail, noble Prince of France !
The next is this,—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome ;
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be property'd ;

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me!
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

Faul. According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:—
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
 The youth says well:—Now hear our English king:—
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me;—
 He is prepared, and reason too he should,
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
 And, like an eagle o'er his airy towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame !

Lew. We grant, thou canst out-scold us ; fare thee
well ;

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pan. Give me leave to speak.

Faul. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither :

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
out ;

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate as loud as thine :
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faul. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*—*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*England.**A Field of Battle.**Drums and Trumpets, Shouts, &c.*

Enter HUBERT, KING JOHN, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long, Lies heavy on me:—O, my heart is sick!

Enter ENGLISH HERALD.

E. Her. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge, Desires your majesty to leave the field, And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

E. Her. Be of good comfort: for the great supply, That was expected by the Dauphin here, Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands. This news was brought to Richard but even now: The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

[*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD.]

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up, And will not let me welcome this good news.— Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*England.**The French Camp.**Alarums.*

SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and ESSEX.

Ess. I did not think the king so stored with friends.*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.*Pem.* They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the
field.*Enter CHATILLON wounded, and led by Two FRENCH
GENTLEMEN.**Cha.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.*Pem.* It is Chatillon.*Sal.* Wounded to death.*Cha.* Fly, noble English! you are bought and
sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?*Cha.* Have I not hideous death within my view?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east;
 But even this night,
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.—
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul,
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends!

[*Drums and Trumpets, &c.*—*Exeunt leading off*
 CHATILLON.

SCENE VI.

England.

A different Part of the French Camp.

A Retreat sounded.

Enter LEWIS, FRENCH GENTLEMEN, and GUARDS.

Lew. The sun of Heaven, methought, was loth to
 set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own
ground,
In faint retire ; O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bade good night ;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it !—

Enter FRENCH HERALD.

F. Her. Where is my prince the Dauphin ?

Lew. Here :—What news ?

F. Her. Chatillon is slain ; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off ;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news !—Bescrew thy very
heart !

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?

F. Her. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well ; keep good quarter, and good care to-
night :

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exit.]

SCENE VI.

*England.**The Entrance to Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, meeting HUBERT.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly.

Faul. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faul. Hubert, I think—What news abroad?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faul. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil.

Faul. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faul. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? The lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Faul. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.—
Away, before! conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

SCENE VII.

*England.**The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter ENGLISH GUARDS, with Torches, PRINCE HENRY, and ESSEX.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter SALISBURY and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, with a Couch.

Sal. His highness yet doth speak: and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Doth he still rage?

Sal. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Enter KING JOHN, attended by PEMBROKE and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.—
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and HUBERT.

Faul. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*]

Pem. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus!

Faul. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Ess. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Faul. Thither shall it then.

And happily may you, sweet prince, put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [*All kneel.*]

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,

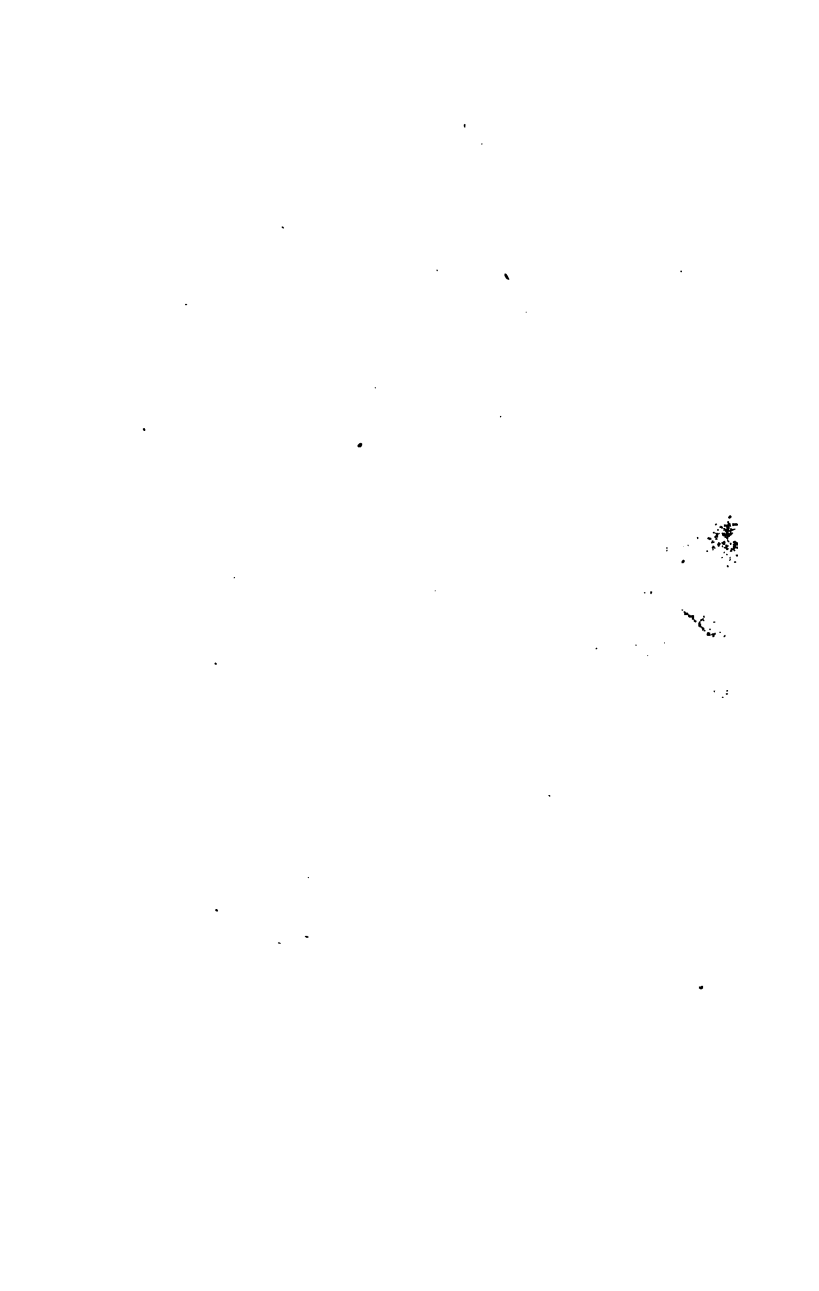
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Faul. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.









HENRY IV. PART I.



FROM FOUR ACTS.
ACT II.

SCENE II.

Painted by Smock.

Printed by Longman & Co. 1817.

Engraved by G. B. Smith.

o KING HENRY IV.

THE FIRST PART;

AN HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

REMARKS.

THIS is a play which all men admire, and which most women dislike. Many revolting expressions in the comic parts, much boisterous courage in some of the graver scenes, together with Falstaff's unwieldy person, offend every female auditor; and whilst a facetious Prince of Wales is employed in taking purses on the highway, a lady would rather see him stealing hearts at a ball, though the event might produce more fatal consequences.

The great Percy, they confess, pays some attention to his wife, but still more to his horse: and, as the king was a rebel before he mounted the throne, and all women are naturally loyal, they shudder at a crowned head leagued with a traitor's heart.

With all these plausible objections, infinite entertainment and instruction may be received from this drama, even by the most delicate readers. They will observe the pen of a faithful historian, as well as of a great poet; and they ought, surely, to be charmed with every character, as a complete copy of nature; admiring even the delinquency of them all, far beyond that false display of unsullied virtue, so easy

for a bard to bestow upon the creatures of his fancy, when truth of description is sacrificed to brilliant impossibilities.

The reader who is too refined to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb; and receive high delight from those sentences of self-reproach, and purpose of amendment, which occasionally drop from the lips of the youthful and royal profligate.

If the licentious faults of old-fashioned dialogue should here too frequently offend the strictly nice, they must, at least, confer the tribute of their praises upon every soliloquy. It is impossible for puritanism not to be merry, when Falstaff is ever found talking to himself, or holding discourse over the honoured dead. It is nearly as impossible for stupidity to be insensible of the merit of those sentiments delivered by the prince over the same extended corse; or to be unmoved by various other beauties with which this work abounds.

In order to form a proper judgment of the manners and conversations of the characters in this play, and to partake of their genuine spirit, the reader must keep in mind that the era, in which all those remarkable personages lived, thought, spoke, and acted, has now been passed more than four hundred years.—The play begins with the news of Hotspur having defeated the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, which battle was fought on the 14th of September, 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur, which happened on the 21st of

July, 1403—thus comprising every event here introduced within the time of ten months.

It will be vain to endeavour to prevent many tender-hearted readers, who sigh over the horrors of a battle, from wishing that the prince's challenge to Hotspur had produced the single combat he desired, and that the victory of the day had been so decided.

Such tender and compassionate persons should not suffer their estimation of honour thus to sink into an equality with the cowardly Falstaff's; but they should call to mind—that, though it was, in ancient times, considered as a token of valour, for a prince at the head of an army, to challenge to single contest the chief warrior on the opposite side, yet, in modern days, when a powerful monarch threw his gauntlet down to save the effusion of blood, this act of self-sacrifice was considered as a token of mere madness.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY IV. KING OF ENGLAND	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER	<i>Mr. Curties.</i>
EARL OF WESTMORELAND	<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>
ARCHIBALD, EARL OF DOUGLAS	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
EARL OF WORCESTER	<i>Mr. Cory.</i>
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND	<i>Mr. Cresswell.</i>
HOTSPUR	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
SIR WALTER BLUNT	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
SIR RICHARD VERNON	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>
SHERIFF	<i>Mr. Field.</i>
POINS	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
RABY	<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>
TRAVELLERS	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
	<i>Mr. Lewiss.</i>
	<i>Mr. Reeves.</i>
	<i>Mr. Powers.</i>
GADSHILL	<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>
BARDOLPH	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
PETO	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
FIRST CARRIER	<i>Mr. Emery.</i>
SECOND CARRIER	<i>Mr. Beverly.</i>
FRANCIS	<i>Mr. Knight.</i>
OSTLER	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
LADY PERCY	<i>Miss Waddy.</i>
HOSTESS	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>

GENTLEMEN.—SOLDIERS.

SCENE.—England.

KING HENRY IV.

THE FIRST PART.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Palace in London.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and other GENTLEMEN, discovered.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant.
No more the thirsty entrants of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces :
Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this
broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
lord;

For more uneven, and unwelcome news,
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. Oh, that it could be proved,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes, our children, where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you,
coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he, in this adventure, hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile, we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. [*Rises.*
Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lord:
But come yourself with speed to us again;

For more ~~is~~ to be said, and to be done,
Than, out of anger, can be uttered.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment belonging to the PRINCE OF WALES.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, Heaven save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good govern-

ment; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon; under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well: and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the lord; I'll be a brave judge!

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort, it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to Heaven thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day, in the street, about you, sir, but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—Heaven forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads Hill,—There are pilgrims going to Canterbury, with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep; if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns: if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

[*Retires.*]

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

[*Exit.*]

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer!

[*Advances.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them, in the wood; our vizors we will change, after we leave them; and I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll

forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, 'at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me in ~~East~~cheap. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*The Council Chamber.**Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, EARL OF WORCESTER, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, HOTSPUR, SIR W. BLUNT, SIR R. VERNON, and other GENTLEMEN, discovered.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And, therefore, lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Hath help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory;
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*]

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners, in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd,
As is deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom : and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
And still he smiled and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—(Heaven save
the mark !)—

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise ;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid her crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Hen. [Rises.] Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower ;
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son :—

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

*[Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt all
but NORTHUMBERLAND and HOTSPUR.]*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
awhile.

Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not pro-
claim'd

By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king,
(Whose wrongs in us Heaven pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard
then

Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer,
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall 't, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, Heaven pardon it! have done,)

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off,
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:—
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now will I unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim:—
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—Oh! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground;
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:—
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:——
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!—Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke!——
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true;—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look “when his infant fortune came to age,”—

And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,”—

—Oh, the devil take such cozeners!—Heaven forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.—
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which (for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written), be assured,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop—

Hot. Of York, is 't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated; plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st
slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive,
I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu!—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Inn Yard at Rochester.

Enter a CARRIER, with a Lantern in his Hand.

1 *Car.* Heigho! An't be not four by the day, I'll
be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney,
and yet our horse not pack'd. What, Ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a
few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in
the withers out of all cress.

Enter another CARRIER:

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog.

and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas; I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, Ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, Ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, Carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah Carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen: they'll along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gads Hill.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *and* POINS,
disguised.

Poins. Come, come, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close. [*POINS retires a little.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised.*

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Hen. He has walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to go and look for POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve e'er I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed

with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. [*He advances to FALSTAFF.*]

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter POINS, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, disguised.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Fal. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises? }

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close. } [*Aside.*

[*Exit the PRINCE and POINS.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

[*They put on their Masks, and draw their Swords.*

Enter Four TRAVELLERS.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Fal. &c. Stand.

Trav. Thieves!—Murder!—Help!—

[*The TRAVELLERS run back again, followed by BARDOLPH, GADSHILL, and PETO.*

Fal. Down with them; cut the villains' throats; ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth; down with them; fleece them:—young men must live: you are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure you, i'faith. [*Exit.*

*Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, and POINS, in
Buckram Suits.*

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men :
Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

[They retire a little.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO,
with Bags of Money.*

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. *[They sit down on the Ground.]* An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. The Rest run away; and FALSTAFF, after a Blow or two, runs away too, leaving the Booty behind them.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse;

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Warkworth.**A Room in the Castle.**Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter.*

—*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*—Why, that 's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters,

to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this; an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him teil the king; we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manege to thy bounding steed; Cry, "Courage!—To the field!" And thou hast talk'd Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents of a heady fight. Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!—

Enter RABY.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Rab. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Rab. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Rab. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.—
Well, I will back him straight.—*O esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit RABY.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with.—In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise: but if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler.—Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,
'Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room,
And lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother
to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by
their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis.
They take it already upon their salvation, that,
though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king
of courtesy ; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack,
like Falstaff ; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a

good boy,—by the lord so they call me,—and, when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—“Eight shillings and sixpence,”—and “You are welcome;” with this shrill addition, “Anon, anon, sir,”—“Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr’ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I ll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit* POINS.]

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by’r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter! But, Francis, dar’st thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.——'Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir, I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis?—No, Francis; but, to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis——

Fran. My lord!

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; FRANCIS stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such

a calling?—Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit HOSTRESS.*] *Poins*,—

Enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah! Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye; what cunning match have ye made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—"Fie upon this quiet life!—I want work"—"O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?"—Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle!" I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer, his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard.—Call in ribs, call in tallow!

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a ven-

geance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan!—that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: Heaven help the while! a bad world, I say!—A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects before thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.—You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that; and Poins there?

P. Hen. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me

them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack :—
I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since
thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards,
still say I! [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us here
have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred
upon poor four of us. [*Exit FRANCIS.*]

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword
with a dozen of them two hours together. I have
'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through
the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut
through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-
saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was
a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!
Let them speak; if they speak more or less than
truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of
them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh
men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in
the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I
fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of
radish: if there were not two or three and fifty

upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray, Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

P. Hen. What, four! thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal! I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.—These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Hen. So, two more already!

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbe-

gotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—,

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad?—Is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand! come, tell us your reason! What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and

roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?—Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be—thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess; what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and HOSTESS.*]

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too—you ran away upon instinct—you will not touch the true prince; no—fie!

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed: and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away:—What instinct hast thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack—here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could

have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer, and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too; and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more; Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidens as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit

Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal, never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff. [*Exit Hostess.*] Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, GADSHILL, and PETO.*]

Enter SHERIFF and Two TRAVELLERS.

P. Hen. Now, master Sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; a gross fat man.

Trav. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charged withal: And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: Here are two gentlemen Have, in this robbery, lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt SHERIFF and TRAVELLERS.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snoring like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath! search his pockets. [*POINS goes out and searches his Pockets.*] What hast thou found?

Enter POINS.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. *Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.*

Item, sauce, 4d.

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there

is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Presence Chamber.

KING HENRY, HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and other GENTLEMEN, discovered.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near At hand; for we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt all but the KING and PRINCE OF WALES.*]

I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. Heaven pardon thee!—Yet, let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
Others would say—"Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
Not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall, hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
'Than thou, the shadow of succession.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And Heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes ! and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heaven, I promise here :
The which, if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
Thou shalt have charge, and sov'reign trust, herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
'That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland sets forth to-day ;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old :—

On Wednesday next, my Harry, you shall set
Forward: on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?—Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John.—Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse.—The inside of a church!—Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there it is:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a *bordello*, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you

must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : thou art our admiral—thou bear'st the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm :

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—When thou ran'st up Gads Hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light !—Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; Heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, dame Partlet the hen ? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir John ! what do you think, Sir John ? Do you think I keep thieves in my house ?—I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, Hostess : Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair : and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked : go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John; I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolsters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog; if he would say so.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, playing on his Truncheon, like a Fife, and FALSTAFF meets him.

How now, lad, is the wind in that door, i'faith?—Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pounds apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What? he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord: and said this other day, you owed him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st as thou art but man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. Oh, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, inboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and, therefore, more frailty.—You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so, by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast: love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, begone. [*Exit* Hostess. Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands, too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse! Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, Heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-Hall,

At two o'clock i'the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge: and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they or we must lower lie.

[*Exit* the PRINCE.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my
breakfast! come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

HOTSPUR's Camp, near Shrewsbury.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, HOTSPUR, EARL OF
WORCESTER, GENTLEMEN, and SOLDIERS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:

Enter RABY.

What letters hast thou there?

Rab. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Rab. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Sick! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Rab. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Rab. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited!
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here—that inward sickness,—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn;—

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That, with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use :—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a
word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON, and Two
GENTLEMEN.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul !

Ver. 'Pray Heaven my news be worth a welcome,
lord !

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms ;
All plumed like estridges, that with the wind
Bated, like eagles, having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in
March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours : Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall,—hot horse to horse—
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Wilt thou give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck: I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentle-

men of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded, unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and the EARL of WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy! I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy

theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack ; whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ; food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better : tush, man ! mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith for their poverty,—I know not where they had that : and for their bareness,—I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste ; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, Sir John ; I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exeunt the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.*]

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast.

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of HOTSPUR's Camp.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF WORCESTER, EARL OF DOUGLAS, SIR RICHARD VERNON, GENTLEMEN, SOLDIERS, and STANDARD-BEARERS.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage, with hard labour, tame and dull,
That, not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For Heaven's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*Trumpet sounds a Parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT and two GENTLEMEN.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and 'would to Heaven,

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well ; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us, like an enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should
stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty !
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty : If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesses to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the
king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor, unminded outlaw, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to Heaven,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm,
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He, presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow,
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth .
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.—

In short time after, he deposed the king ;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king,) to be engaged in Wales,
There, without ransom, to lie forfeited ;
Disgraced me in my happy victories ;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
In rage, dismiss'd my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety : and, withal, to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes ; and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and
love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray Heaven, you do !

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*]

[*Exeunt* SIR W. BLUNT and two GENTLEMEN,
HOTSPUR, and his Friends.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

KING HENRY'S Tent.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE
JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, SIR
JOHN FALSTAFF, GENTLEMEN, and SOLDIERS,
discovered.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;

And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

[A Trumpet sounds a Parley.]

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER *and* SIR RICHARD
VERNON.

K. Hen. How now, my Lord of Worcester ? 'tis
not well,

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : you have deceived our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel ;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ;
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it, sir ! how comes
it, then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace !

Wor. It pleased your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were, in place and in account,

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time : You swore to us,
(And you did swear that oath at Doncaster)
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state :
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right.
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,—
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd.
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you used us so.
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,

Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches ;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want.

Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
No moody beggars starving for a time
Of pall-mall havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul,
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this, before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee;
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no.
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, begone:
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, we will set on them :
And Heaven befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt the KING, PRINCE JOHN, SIR W.*

BLUNT, GENTLEMEN, and SOLDIERS.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

[*Erit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loth to pay him
before his day. What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; Honour
pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off
when I come on ? How then ? Can honour set-to a
leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief
of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery
then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is
that word, honour ? Air. A trim reckoning ! Who
hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel
it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible
then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with
the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer
it : therefore I'll none of it : Honour is a mere
scutcheon ; and so ends my catechism. [*Erit.*

SCENE II.

HOTSPUR'S *Camp.*

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, *and* SIR RICHARD
VERNON.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir
Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:—
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will,—I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, GENTLEMEN,
SOLDIERS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, then go you, and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Erit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? Heaven forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
'Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies.
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Enter EARL of DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Hot. Arm, arm with speed!—
O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Enter RABY.

Rab. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace!

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking;—only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Drums, Trumpets, &c. sound. They embrace.]

Now,—Esperanza!—Percy!—and set on.

[Trumpets, Drums, &c.—Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Field of Battle, near Shrewsbury.

Alarums.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER
BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king, that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*Alarums.—They fight.—BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O, Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot!

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sembly furnish'd like the king himself,
Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Alarum.—Exit HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.*]

Other Alarum.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead,—Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, with his Sword broken.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here! lend me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O, Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.—I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The PRINCE draws out a Bottle of Sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*The PRINCE throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Alarums.—Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums.—Excursions.

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to Heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[They fight.]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS; he strikes at FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead.—Exit DOUGLAS.
—PERCY is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
'Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
'They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh :—

O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— *[HOTSPUR dies.]*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He sees FALSTAFF on the Ground.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death has not struck so fat a deer to-day;
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

FALSTAFF, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah—[Stabs HOTSPUR.]—with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes HOTSPUR on his Back.]

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
 Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
 Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and
 bleeding
 On the ground.—
 Art thou alive, or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? Pr'ythee, speak :
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man :
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There
is Percy: [*Throwing the Body down.*] If your father
will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the
next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or
duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is
given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of
breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an in-
stant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.
If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should
reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads.
I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound
in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny
it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I
heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*Trumpets sound a Retreat.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCES HENRY and JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
rewards me, Heaven reward him! If I do grow great,
I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live
cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off HOTSPUR's Body,*]

SCENE V.

KING HENRY'S Tent.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER, VERNON, and others, Prisoners; GENTLEMEN, and SOLDIERS, discovered.

King H. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. -
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER, VERNON, and others, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The gallant Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Has taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our
power,—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.]

THE END.

10



REVENGE



**THE
REVENGE;**

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

**AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,
COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.**

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

It is certain that Dr Young was no enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare's "Othello."—To suppose he was, is to accuse him of high presumption in hoping to write a still better play. For that he could take the same subject, which an admired author had used with infinite success, and not hope to transcend him, agrees but ill with the ambition of any dramatist, much less with that of the aspiring Young.

"The Revenge" is so excellent a production, that the reader will forgive the author's attempt, and compassionate his failure. In one of his characters, indeed, he has surpassed the genius of Shakspeare—but immorally so—he has adorned malice and its kindred vices with a sentiment appropriate to the rarest virtue—scrupulous regard for unblemished honour.

The high-sounding vengeance of Zanga charms every heart, whilst the malicious purposes of Iago fill every bosom with abhorrence.

Another advantage is given to Zanga in his guilt; the persons whom he involves in utter ruin claim far less sympathy than Shakspeare's Othello and Desdemona. Alonzo can excite no interest equal to the first, and Leonora sinks even beneath comparison before the last.

Dr Johnson has said, that the inferior characters in the tragedy of "Othello" would make a very good play, were the three superior ones wholly omitted: and certainly Cassio, Roderigo, and Amelia, are all excellent parts. But, should this method be pursued with the tragedy of "The Revenge," when the best were left out, what could be done with the remaining few? Isabella, in particular, is a tool of such insignificance in herself, that, till her importance as an instrument is testified, it seems degrading to the proud mind and acute understanding of the imperious Moor, to trust his perilous design to a woman's secrecy, who gives no one proof to the audience of possessing self-restraint peculiar from the rest of her sex, and powerful enough to keep silence.

Deservedly high as this tragedy must ever rank among English dramas, it is but seldom brought upon the stage, and then the actor who performs Zanga must be its sole support. This character is of such magnitude, and so unprotected by those which surround him, that few performers will undertake to represent it: a less number still have succeeded in braving the danger. Mr Kemble stands foremost among those, and draws some splendid audiences every year merely to see *him*; though the intervals between his exits and entrances are sure to be passed in lassitude.

Dr Young has the praise of being an original poet, but this work cannot be brought as a proof; for, besides its resemblance to the "Othello" of Shakspeare, it is alleged he had also in his view the Abdelazer of

Mrs Behn, upon which character Zanga is a grand improvement.

The originality of Young must be found in his "Night-Thoughts;" those well-known poems that speak contemptuously of a world, which, if his most distinguished biographers can be relied upon, he loved as dearly as the gayest libertine.

It is a reflection more gloomy than the author's gloomiest composition, that Young was a man the very reverse of him whom the reader of his "Night-Thoughts" would suppose the writer to be.

Dr Edward Young was the son of the Dean of Sarum, and born at Upham, near Winchester, in June, 1681. He received his first education in that college; and, at Oxford, took the degree of doctor of civil law.

On quitting the university, where he had given testimony of his poetical talents, Young was admitted into the family of Lord Exeter, and became the tutor of Lord Burleigh, with whom he was to travel, and receive as his recompence an annuity for life. But the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, who at that time rioted in all the vices and follies of London, allured him, by his friendship, to yield up this honourable engagement, and be a partner with him in all his excesses.

This eminent poet can easier be forgiven his youthful attachment to the pleasures of the world, than his aged anxiety after its honours. When the duke's protection ceased with his exile and death, Young took orders, as the only means of subsistence; and

became grave and political, as the only means of preferment. He preached excellent sermons on the duty of a Christian, and wrote as excellent pamphlets to traduce his neighbour, the Duke of Marlborough; when that neighbour was out of favour with the court.

He was fervent in public worship, both at church and in the dedications he sent forth with his various works; wherein he has praised man as he praised God; which gives rise to the suspicion, that he expected as valuable favours from the created as from the Creator.

Dr Young was married in 1732 to Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and the widow of Colonel Lee. About the year 1740, Lady Elizabeth died; and very shortly after, both a daughter she had by her first marriage, and that daughter's husband (a son of Lord Palmerston), departed this life.—Melancholy events, which Young has lamented in strains of pious sorrow in his favourite work.

Notwithstanding his afflictions, he survived these losses five-and-twenty years; then expired, at the age of eighty-four, enjoying his perfect senses to the last moment; and to the last moment he refused to see his only child, a son, who, for some youthful offence, had been banished his house; and yet that repentant child sent earnest supplications for pardon, and admission to his father's presence.



REVENGE



C

THE

REVENGE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

It is certain that Dr Young was no enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare's "Othello."—To suppose he was, is to accuse him of high presumption in hoping to write a still better play. For that he could take the same subject, which an admired author had used with infinite success, and not hope to transcend him, agrees but ill with the ambition of any dramatist, much less with that of the aspiring Young.

"The Revenge" is so excellent a production, that the reader will forgive the author's attempt, and compassionate his failure. In one of his characters, indeed, he has surpassed the genius of Shakspeare—but immorally so—he has adorned malice and its kindred vices with a sentiment appropriate to the rarest virtue—scrupulous regard for unblemished honour.

The high-sounding vengeance of Zanga charms every heart, whilst the malicious purposes of Iago fill every bosom with abhorrence.

Another advantage is given to Zanga in his guilt; the persons whom he involves in utter ruin claim far less sympathy than Shakspeare's Othello and Desdemona. Alonzo can excite no interest equal to the first, and Leonora sinks even beneath comparison before the last.

Dr Johnson has said, that the inferior characters in the tragedy of "Othello" would make a very good play, were the three superior ones wholly omitted: and certainly Cassio, Roderigo, and Amelia, are all excellent parts. But, should this method be pursued with the tragedy of "The Revenge," when the best were left out, what could be done with the remaining few? Isabella, in particular, is a tool of such insignificance in herself, that, till her importance as an instrument is testified, it seems degrading to the proud mind and acute understanding of the imperious Moor, to trust his perilous design to a woman's secrecy, who gives no one proof to the audience of possessing self-restraint peculiar from the rest of her sex, and powerful enough to keep silence.

Deservedly high as this tragedy must ever rank among English dramas, it is but seldom brought upon the stage, and then the actor who performs Zanga must be its sole support. This character is of such magnitude, and so unprotected by those which surround him, that few performers will undertake to represent it: a less number still have succeeded in braving the danger. Mr Kemble stands foremost among those, and draws some splendid audiences every year merely to see *him*; though the intervals between his exits and entrances are sure to be passed in lassitude.

Dr Young has the praise of being an original poet, but this work cannot be brought as a proof; for, besides its resemblance to the "Othello" of Shakspeare, it is alleged he had also in his view the Abdelazer of

Mrs Behn, upon which character Zanga is a grand improvement.

The originality of Young must be found in his "Night-Thoughts;" those well-known poems that speak contemptuously of a world, which, if his most distinguished biographers can be relied upon, he loved as dearly as the gayest libertine.

It is a reflection more gloomy than the author's gloomiest composition, that Young was a man the very reverse of him whom the reader of his "Night-Thoughts" would suppose the writer to be.

Dr Edward Young was the son of the Dean of Sarum, and born at Upham, near Winchester, in June, 1681. He received his first education in that college; and, at Oxford, took the degree of doctor of civil law.

On quitting the university, where he had given testimony of his poetical talents, Young was admitted into the family of Lord Exeter, and became the tutor of Lord Burleigh, with whom he was to travel, and receive as his recompence an annuity for life. But the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, who at that time rioted in all the vices and follies of London, allured him, by his friendship, to yield up this honourable engagement, and be a partner with him in all his excesses.

This eminent poet can easier be forgiven his youthful attachment to the pleasures of the world, than his aged anxiety after its honours. When the duke's protection ceased with his exile and death, Young took orders, as the only means of subsistence; and

became grave and political, as the only means of preferment. He preached excellent sermons on the duty of a Christian, and wrote as excellent pamphlets to traduce his neighbour, the Duke of Marlborough; when that neighbour was out of favour with the court.

He was fervent in public worship, both at church and in the dedications he sent forth with his various works; wherein he has praised man as he praised God; which gives rise to the suspicion, that he expected as valuable favours from the created as from the Creator.

Dr Young was married in 1732 to Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and the widow of Colonel Lee. About the year 1740, Lady Elizabeth died; and very shortly after, both a daughter she had by her first marriage, and that daughter's husband (a son of Lord Palmerston), departed this life.—Melancholy events, which Young has lamented in strains of pious sorrow in his favourite work.

Notwithstanding his afflictions, he survived these losses five-and-twenty years; then expired, at the age of eighty-four, enjoying his perfect senses to the last moment; and to the last moment he refused to see his only child, a son, who, for some youthful offence, had been banished his house; and yet that repentant child sent earnest supplications for pardon, and admission to his father's presence.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
DON ALONZO	<i>Mr C. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr Barrymore.</i>
DON CARLOS	<i>Mr Brunton.</i>	<i>Mr Bartley.</i>
DON ALVAREZ	<i>Mr Murray.</i>	<i>Mr Powell.</i>
DON MANUEL	<i>Mr Creswell.</i>	<i>Mr Maddocks.</i>
ZANGA	<i>Mr Kemble.</i>	<i>Master Betty.</i>
LEONORA	<i>Mrs Litchfield.</i>	<i>Mrs Powell.</i>
ISABELLA	<i>Mrs Humphries.</i>	<i>Miss Boyce.</i>

SCENE,—Spain.

THE
REVENGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Battlements, with a Sea Prospect.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Whether first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me: [*Thunder.*]
I like this rocking of the battlements.

Enter ISABELLA.

Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.—
Who's there? My love!

Isa. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

[*Thunder.*]

Zan. The dead alone in such a night can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away. I chuse to be alone.

Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave
you;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.

[*Thunder.*]

Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it; by our loves I will.
To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be
plunged

In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!

I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that
great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge.
I then was young, he placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day, (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge—E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story;
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.

Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have cursed the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,
Which promised to conceal it! but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arrived.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purposed to surprise
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd, an express arrived.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,

O, Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and enquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter DON CARLOS and DON MANUEL.

Man. My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moor's defeat:
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I loved fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas, the cruel maid——
Indeed her father, who, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart
To heal his devastation from the Moors,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the east,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged father, see,
Leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant Truth,
Brought forward by the hand of hoary Time——
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible
Some vessel is arrived. [*Exit MAN.*] Heav'n grant it
bring
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter DON ALVAREZ and LEONORA.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you !
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice ;
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred power
By which even kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope

[*To CARLOS.*

My daughter is not indisposed to hear you. [*Exit.*

Car. Oh, Leonora ! why art thou in tears ?
Because I am less wretched than I was ?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears ?
A daughter, sure, may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.

Car. Ah, my torn heart !

Leon. Regard not me, my lord,
I shall obey my father.

Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
With absent eyes and alienated mien,
Suff'ring address, the victim of my love,
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
Those hills of driven snow, which seen art felt ;

Dr Johnson has said, that the inferior characters in the tragedy of "Othello" would make a very good play, were the three superior ones wholly omitted: and certainly Cassio, Roderigo, and Amelia, are all excellent parts. But, should this method be pursued with the tragedy of "The Revenge," when the best were left out, what could be done with the remaining few? Isabella, in particular, is a tool of such insignificance in herself, that, till her importance as an instrument is testified, it seems degrading to the proud mind and acute understanding of the imperious Moor, to trust his perilous design to a woman's secrecy, who gives no one proof to the audience of possessing self-restraint peculiar from the rest of her sex, and powerful enough to keep silence.

Deservedly high as this tragedy must ever rank among English dramas, it is but seldom brought upon the stage, and then the actor who performs Zanga must be its sole support. This character is of such magnitude, and so unprotected by those which surround him, that few performers will undertake to represent it: a less number still have succeeded in braving the danger. Mr Kemble stands foremost among those, and draws some splendid audiences every year merely to see *him*; though the intervals between his exits and entrances are sure to be passed in lassitude.

Dr Young has the praise of being an original poet, but this work cannot be brought as a proof; for, besides its resemblance to the "Othello" of Shakspeare, it is alleged he had also in his view the Abdelazer of

Mrs Behn, upon which character Zanga is a grand improvement.

The originality of Young must be found in his "Night-Thoughts;" those well-known poems that speak contemptuously of a world, which, if his most distinguished biographers can be relied upon, he loved as dearly as the gayest libertine.

It is a reflection more gloomy than the author's gloomiest composition, that Young was a man the very reverse of him whom the reader of his "Night-Thoughts" would suppose the writer to be.

Dr Edward Young was the son of the Dean of Sarum, and born at Upham, near Winchester, in June, 1681. He received his first education in that college; and, at Oxford, took the degree of doctor of civil law.

On quitting the university, where he had given testimony of his poetical talents, Young was admitted into the family of Lord Exeter, and became the tutor of Lord Burleigh, with whom he was to travel, and receive as his recompence an annuity for life. But the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, who at that time rioted in all the vices and follies of London, allured him, by his friendship, to yield up this honourable engagement, and be a partner with him in all his excesses.

This eminent poet can easier be forgiven his youthful attachment to the pleasures of the world, than his aged anxiety after its honours. When the duke's protection ceased with his exile and death, Young took orders, as the only means of subsistence; and

became grave and political, as the only means of preferment. He preached excellent sermons on the duty of a Christian, and wrote as excellent pamphlets to traduce his neighbour, the Duke of Marlborough; when that neighbour was out of favour with the court.

He was fervent in public worship, both at church and in the dedications he sent forth with his various works; wherein he has praised man as he praised God; which gives rise to the suspicion, that he expected as valuable favours from the created as from the Creator.

Dr Young was married in 1732 to Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and the widow of Colonel Lee. About the year 1740, Lady Elizabeth died; and very shortly after, both a daughter she had by her first marriage, and that daughter's husband (a son of Lord Palmerston), departed this life.—Melancholy events, which Young has lamented in strains of pious sorrow in his favourite work.

Notwithstanding his afflictions, he survived these losses five-and-twenty years; then expired, at the age of eighty-four, enjoying his perfect senses to the last moment; and to the last moment he refused to see his only child, a son, who, for some youthful offence, had been banished his house; and yet that repentant child sent earnest supplications for pardon, and admission to his father's presence.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
DON ALONZO	<i>Mr C. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr Barrymore.</i>
DON CARLOS	<i>Mr Brunton.</i>	<i>Mr Bartley.</i>
DON ALVAREZ	<i>Mr Murray.</i>	<i>Mr Powell.</i>
DON MANUEL	<i>Mr Creswell.</i>	<i>Mr Maddocks.</i>
ZANGA	<i>Mr Kemble.</i>	<i>Master Betty.</i>
LEONORA	<i>Mrs Litchfield.</i>	<i>Mrs Powell.</i>
ISABELLA	<i>Mrs Humphries.</i>	<i>Miss Boyce.</i>

SCENE,—Spain.

THE
REVENGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Battlements, with a Sea Prospect.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Whether first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me: [*Thunder.*]
I like this rocking of the battlements.

Enter ISABELLA.

Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.—
Who's there? My love!

Isa. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.
[*Thunder.*]

Zan. The dead alone in such a night can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away. I chuse to be alone.

Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave
you;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.

[Thunder.]

Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it; by our loves I will.
To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be
plunged

In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!

I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that
great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge.
I then was young, he placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day, (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge—E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story;
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.

Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have cursed the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,
Which promised to conceal it! but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arrived.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purposed to surprise
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd, an express arrived.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,

O, Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and enquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter DON CARLOS and DON MANUEL.

Man. My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moor's defeat:
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I loved fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas, the cruel maid——
Indeed her father, who, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart
To heal his devastation from the Moors,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the east,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged father, see,
Leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant Truth,
Brought forward by the hand of hoary Time——
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible
Some vessel is arrived. [*Exit MAN.*] Heav'n grant it
bring
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter DON ALVAREZ and LEONORA.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you !

For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice ;
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred power
By which even kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope

[*To CARLOS.*

My daughter is not indisposed to hear you. [*Exit.*

Car. Oh, Leonora ! why art thou in tears ?
Because I am less wretched than I was ?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears ?
A daughter, sure, may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.

Car. Ah, my torn heart !

Leon. Regard not me, my lord,
I shall obey my father.

Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
With absent eyes and alienated mien,
Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
Those hills of driven snow, which seen art felt ;

All these possess'd, are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Must I despair then? Do not shake me
thus:

Heav'ns! what a proof I gave but two nights past
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
But, darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promised fight, I left Alonzo too,
To stand the war, and quell a world alone.

[Drums and Trumpets.]

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must with-
draw.

Car. And must you go?

Leon. Why should you wish me stay?
Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
My presence none; it pains you and myself;
For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw. *[Exit.]*
[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.]

Enter DON ALONZO, with ATTENDANTS.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos!—I am whole again;
Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror
Of Afric?

Alon. Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend.
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
I rise in virtues to come nearer to thee.
'Twas Carlos conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains
Inflamed me to a rage unknown till then,
And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora. How I love her!

Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul for thee.
Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
Like music, pure the joy, without allay,
Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port
On business both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private!—Ha!—Alonzo, I'll return;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*

Zan. My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.

Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.

Alon. Come near me, Zanga;

For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was such a day of triumph known!
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But is a god to me: I am most wretched.—
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love:
What did I do?—I loved myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence,
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. Thanks to Zanga,
Who thence contrived that evil which has happen'd.

[*Aside.*

Alon. Yes, cursed of Heaven! I loved, myself; and
now,

In a late action, rescued from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too
Your interposing arm preserved his life.

Alon. It did—with more than the expense of
mine ;

For, O, this day is mention'd for their nuptials.

Zan. My lord, she comes.

Alon. I'll take my leave and die. [Exit.

Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would
please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
My six years hope of vengeance quite expired!—
Would nature were—I will not fall alone:
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.
[Aside, and exit.

Enter LEONORA and ALONZO.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid his light adieu. [Weeps.

Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. O, cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?

Africa I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.

Leon. That passion which you boast of is your
guilt,

A treason to your friend.

Alon. O, Leonora!

What could I do?—In duty to my friend,

I saw you: and to see is to admire.

For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.

You know I did. I sought but your esteem;

If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.

Leon. If, from your guilt, none suffer'd but your-
self,

It might be so——Farewell. [Going.

Alon. Who suffers with me? [Takes her hand.

Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

[Weeps.

Alon. What mean these tears?

Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a
meaning.

But, O, when first I saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well!

Alon. Heavens! what is this?

Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long: let that be some excuse.
You well may wonder at such words as these;
I start at them myself, they fright my nature.
Great is my fault; but blame me not alone;
Give him a little blame, who took such pains
To make me guilty.

Alon. Blame you! you know I think your love a
blessing

Beyond all human blessings! 'tis the price
Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying.
But, O, the curse of curses!——O, my friend!——

Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my love? Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

Alon. Is not the day then fixed for your espou-
sals?

Leon. Indeed my father once had thought that
way;

But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolved,

Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O, agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?

Leon. What, do you tremble lest you should be
mine?

For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my power? O, yes, to stab my
friend!

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed:
Spare him—and murder me.

Alon. First perish all!

No, Leonora, I am thine for ever:
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.
For whatsoever crime I can commit,
I've felt the pangs already.

Leon. Hold, Alonzo,

And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.

I love thy virtue as I love thy person,

And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;

But, as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;

I'll shine out in my turn, and show the world

Thy great example was not lost upon me.

Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.

Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?

No, though the life-blood gushes from my heart,

You shall not be ashamed of Leonora;

Nay, never shrink: take back the bright example

You lately lent; O, take it while you may,

While I can give it you, and be immortal! [*Exit.*]

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no
more;

But pine in absence, and till death adore.

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,

And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue

Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan.

[Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter DON MANUEL and ZANGA:

Zan. If this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but human in you.
But when arrived your dismal news?

Man. This hour.

Zan. What, not a vessel saved? And is Alvarez
Determined to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore; must that too join
The common wreck?

Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclined,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match,
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age and of Alvarez too.

Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?

Man. Like a man,
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human heart can reason.

Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more.
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha! was not that received with ecstasy
By Don Alonzo?

Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented: and since now
He can't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet, to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind;
At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. [Exit,

Zan. Ha, it dawns!——
It rises to me like a new-found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent.
Hoe, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

I thought of dying: better things come forward;
Vengeance is still alive: from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabella, arrived Don Carlos here?

Isa. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle——Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Though yet but in the shell——I'll give it birth——
What time did he return?

Isa. At midnight.

Zan. So——

Say, did he see that night his Leonora?

Isa. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter——

Go and fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit ISABELLA.*
Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smiled upon me;
He smiled a joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

*Enter ISABELLA with the Tablets; ZANGA writes;
then reads, as to himself.*

Thus it stands——

The father's fix'd——Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave——or, if he did,
He might not gain it——It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, though we must bear them,
Were it not then a masterpiece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant, then, from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
To work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace!——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the hydra of calamities,
The seven-fold death; the jealous are the damn'd.

Isa. Alonzo comes this way.

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw. [*Exit ISABELLA.*] Ye subtle demons,
which reside

In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little enginery, more mischievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter DON ALONZO.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good Zanga?

Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?

Alon. What will become of Carlos?

Zan. He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

Alon. Alas, thou little know'st the force of love!
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway;
Puts all relations, friendship's self, to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials. For myself
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then?

Alon. Not instantly.

Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuaged.

Alon. Am I to blame in that?

Zan. My lord, I love

Your very errors; they are born from virtue.
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?
'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-
morrow

May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;
A higher bidder is a better friend,
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend's gone you'll wed; why, then the
cause

Which gives you Leonora now will cease.
Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,
Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well, he is disturb'd ; it makes him pause.

Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,
Aside.

His goodness would consent that I should wed her ?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him !

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend.

Who was it gave him liberty and life ?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
Were I a stranger, I could freely speak ;
In me it so resembles a demand,
Exactng of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang or not ?
Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well ;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend ;
There all the difference lies between us two.
In me, my lord, you hear another self ;
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors, which, though caused by
virtue,

Are such as may hereafter give you pain——
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name ! What, sacrifice the fair
To age and ugliness, because set in gold ?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore affliction ;
But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.
How shall I bear it now ? I am struck already.

[Exit.]

Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.

*[He gives a message to MANUEL, who enters ;
and exit MANUEL.]*

Proud hated Spain, oft drench'd in Moorish blood !
Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee ?

Shake not thy towers where'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
Look down, O holy prophet, see me torture
This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below?
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her
 charms!
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy but the very fool,
Or very wise; and I wasn't fool enough
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Even joys are pains, because they cannot last.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences? And this we know,
Yet knowing, disbelieve, and try again
What we have tried, and struggle with conviction.
Each new experience gives the former credit;
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: but are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel;
'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair!

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made
 tender,

By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do ;
Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What can'st thou mean ?

Zan. Indeed he has ; and fears to ask a favour
A stranger from a stranger might request ;
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him :
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray be plain ; his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death ; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
In perfect tenderness I urged him to it.
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
I wrung a promise from him he would try ;
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha ! if he weds, I am undone indeed ;
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel ;
'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Car. O, cruel Heaven ! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more ?
Ask my consent !—Must I then give her to him ?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid ?
Oh !—Leonora ! never, never, never !

Zan. A storm of plagues upon him ! he refuses.

[*Aside.*

Car. What, wed her ?—and to-day !

Zan. To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you ;
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune ?
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

Car. O torment ! whither shall I turn ?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way ?

Zan. His happiness is yours——

I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend !

Or worse——Alas ! and can there be a worse ?

A worse there is ; nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinced me 'tis a dreadful task.

I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning

For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,

Betray'd me to believe it less severe

Than I perceive it is.

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zan. No, my good lord, but since you can't comply,

'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it ;

For had I not, Alonzo would indeed

Have died as now, but not by your decree.

Car. By my decree ! do I decree his death ?

I do——shall I then lead her to his arms ?

O, which side shall I take ? Be stabbed, or——stab ?

'Tis equal death ! a choice of agonies !

Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,

Though but a day ; something, perchance, may happen

To soften all to friendship and to love.

Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now ;

But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you——

If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper !

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Car. What is this world ?——Thy school, O misery !

Our only lesson is to learn to suffer ;

And he, who knows not that, was born for nothing.

Though deep my pangs and heavy at my heart,

My comfort is, each moment takes away

A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,

And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely——should I live——
Live long——Alas, there is no length in time !
Not in thy time, O man !—What's fourscore years ?
Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round ?
Yet, Leonora——she can make time long,
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceived away ;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surprised to hear that I grew old.
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

Enter ZANGA and DON ALONZO.—ZANGA stops
DON CARLOS.

Zan. Is this Don Carlos ? this the boasted friend ?
How can you turn your back upon his sadness ?
Look on him, and then leave him if you can.
Whose sorrows thus depress him ? Not his own :
This moment he could wed without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield : nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo ! [*Going to him, and taking his Hand.*

Alon. O, Carlos !

Car. Pray, forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile ?
Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate ?
I was deputed guardian of thy love ;
But, O, I loved myself ! Pour down afflictions
On this devoted head ; make me your mark ;
And be the world, by my example, taught
How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly ;
The crime was mine,
Who placed thee there, where only thou couldst fail.

Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,

And soften all; but think not you deceive me;
 I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,
 As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him who but this morning threw
 Fair Leonora from his heart, all bathed
 In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love!
 Yes, 'twas in thee, through fondness for thy friend,
 To shut thy bosom against ecstasies;
 For which, while this pulse beats, it beats to thee;
 While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,
 And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. [To ALONZO.] My lord, my lord, this is your
 time to speak.

Alon. [To ZANGA.] Because he's kind? It there-
 fore is the worst;

Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,
 And shall I pour in new? No, fond desire!
 No, love! one pang at parting, and farewell.
 I have no other love but Carlos now.

[Runs to CARLOS.]

Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager grasp
 Dost press my hand?

Alon. If, after death, our forms
 Shall be transparent, naked every thought;
 And friends meet friends, and read each other's
 hearts,
 Thou'lt know one day, that thou wast held most dear.
 Farewell.

Car. Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak—[Holds him.
 Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone,
 And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [Aside.
 I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
 You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
 When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
 Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
 Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me
 there.

How dreadful is it to a generous mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be denied!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers above
me. *[Aside.]*

Then you confess you would ask something of me?

Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. *[To ALONZO.]* Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this!

By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.

Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,

Of starting at one action from below,

And flaming up into consummate greatness?

Ha! angels strengthen me!—It shall be so——

My Alonzo!

Since thy great soul disdains to make request,

Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray, observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,

And, plucking up my love, they had well nigh

Pluck'd my life too, for they were twined together.

Of that no more—What now does reason bid?

I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!

But, O my soul, with care provide for hers!

In life how weak, how helpless is woman!

So properly the object of affliction,

That Heaven is pleased to make distress become her,

And dresses her most amiably in tears.

Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,

Be thou her guardian and thou must be mine;

Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life

With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then

Set down the liberty and life thou gavest me,

As little things, as essays of thy goodness,

And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,

Which, with thy foes, would render thee adored.
And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.

Alon. Carlos!—

But think not words were ever made
For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence: I'll seek relief
In absence, from the pain of so much goodness,
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.

[*Exit.*

Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest
hope.

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,
And then my master-works begin to play.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and
now

I must unsluice my overburden'd heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears; nor interrupt my great design;
Great sure as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'erswell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd,
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,
Then drew the shaft from out his tortured side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ZANGA and ISABELLA.

Zan. O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three
years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart.
My Isabella!

Isa. What commands my Moor?

Zan. My fair ally, my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvaréz, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolved them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forged
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
For wond'rous transports, which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isa. I quickly dropp'd it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand ;
For soon Alonzo found it ; I observed him
From out my secret stand. He took it up ;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,
Started, and trembling dropp'd it on the ground.
Pale and aghast a while my victim stood,
Disguised a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him ;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it ;
But, check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so ;
But farther thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this disappointment to account.
He more shall credit it, because unseen,
(If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's
skill.

Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture ;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that, found,
It may rise up a witness of her love ;
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit.*]

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground ?——
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him !

Enter DON ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be——I am deceived——
I injure her : she wears the face of Heaven.

Zan. He doubts.

[*Aside.*]

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all in pieces.
It cannot——Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Start.*]

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed.—He has des-
cried me.

I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. [*Aside*]

Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. Shut close the doors,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frightened.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions' stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord?

Alon. Come near me; let me rest upon thy bosom
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)
For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.

Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst!——My Leonora's false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!

Alon. My Leonora's false! [*Gives him the Letter.*]

Zan. Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.
[*While ZANGA reads the Letter, he trembles,
and shows the utmost Concern.*]

Alon. Good-natured man! he makes my pains his
own.

I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain!

[Tears the Letter.]

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more.

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents, or, by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger. *[Draws.]*

Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natured tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two. Not mine the fame
That will be damn'd, though all the world should
know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
I know not what—but grant I did confess,
What is a letter? letters may be forged.
For Heaven's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.
Some foe to your repose——

Alon. So Heaven look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! *[Aside.]*——Our innocence is not
our shield:

They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
A letter may be forged, and, in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be false——

Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit:
All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is;

For who would credit that, which credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?

Alon. O, Zanga! it is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance——

Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn your-
self.

What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance?——You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense;——
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd
With some degree of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults
from me.

Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forged the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king.
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promised fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly;
So long in absence, and impatient love——

Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escaped me.
'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,

And is enamour'd of the face of death.
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports——Oh, it must be so!——
Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!

Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!——

Zan. That stings home.

[*Aside.*

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous
love——

Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgment on distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture, love was first my crime;
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror!)
Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were then their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arrived that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fired with the love of gold,
Determined, that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord? then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.

Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destined
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night!

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By Heaven thou dost insult thy
lord.

Temptation ! One night gain'd ! O stings and death !
And am I then undone ? Alas, my Zanga !
And dost thou own it too ? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish hope,

And insolent to me ! thou know'st it false ;
It is as glaring as the noontide sun.
Devil !—This morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me !
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord ? Did Leonora then
Never before disclose her passion for you ?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three years ?

Alon. O never ! never !

Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive ? 'Tis all in vain :
Though thy soul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah ! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—Waive ev'ry
fear,

And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assured, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha ! Resign her to me !——

Resign her !—Who resign'd her ?—Double death !
How could I doubt so long ? My heart is broke.
First love her to distraction ! then resign her !

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony ?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her ; that's
enough.

Would he pluck out his eye to give it me ?
Tear out his heart ?——She was his heart no more—
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her ;
By Heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.

I thought it strange ; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?

I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.

What! Leonora, the divine, by whom

We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion!

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.

Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,

Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh

Each circumstance; consider, above all,

That it is jealousy's peculiar nature

To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought

To conjure much, and then to lose its reason

Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceived. I fear 'tis doomsday with me.

And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heaven
Borrow'd her form for Virtue's self to wear,

To gain her lovers with the sons of men.

O Leonora! Leonora!

[*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient

Thrives underneath my hand in misery.

He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,

There, Isabella, I outdid myself.

For, tearing it, I not secure it only

In its first force, but superadd a new.

For after tearing it, as loth to show

The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily disposed of?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well! [*Exit ISABELLA.*] Ah! what is
well? O pang to think!
O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul! ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere?
Does this become a soldier? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people loved?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain:
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise,
For wonder is involuntary praise. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DON ALONZO and ZANGA.

Alon. Oh, what a pain to think! when every
thought,

Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,
In which herself is taken!
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.

Zan. O, forbear!

You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. That will discover all,

And kill my hopes. What can I think or do?

[Aside.]

Alon. What dost thou murmur?

Zan. Force the secret from her?

What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O, groundless hope
But rest assured, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more, I care not ;
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this
load ?

Grant you should know it, would not that be worse ?

Alon. No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs :
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah ! were I sure of that, my lord——

Alon. What then ?

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the se-
cret.

Alon. What dost thou mean ? Thou know'st I'm
on the rack.

I'll not be play'd with ; speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,
Tho' gone too far, Heaven knows—'Tis I am guilty—
I have ta'en pains, as you, I know, observed,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me,

Zan. I confound myself,
And frankly own it, though to my shame I own it :
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

Alon. Speak quickly ; Zanga, speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread sir :
First, I must be convinced, that, if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assured me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. O 'twill, by Heaven.

Zan. Alas ! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far ; but I of this
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me, these tears confess it,

And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me :

And what amends is now within my power,

But to confess, expose myself to justice,

And as a blessing claim my punishment.

Know then, Don Carlos——

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;

I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. My Lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our joy.

Alon. I'll come, my love :

Be not our friends deserted by us both;

I'll follow you this moment.

Leon. My good lord,

I do observe severity of thought

Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Meers?

Alon. No, my delight.

Leon. What then employ'd your mind?

Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so Heaven befriend me,

As other thought can find no entrance here.

Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares

Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,

To drop one thought on me!

[*He shows the utmost impatience.*]

Alon. Know then, to thy comfort,

Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full

With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;

Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
My life, our friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey.

[*Exit.*

Alon. Is that the face of cursed hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
And beauty shall no more belong to Heaven.—
Don Carlos did return at dead of night—
Proceed, good Zanga, so thy tale began.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;
That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate.
He told me he had letters for the king,
Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain lied!

Zan. My lord,

I pray, forbear——Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I enquired, but let him pass,
False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our watch relieved, I went into the garden,
As is my custom when the night's serene,
And took a moon-light walk; when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me.
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embraced. Anon the man
Arose, and, falling back some paces from her,
Gazed ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sighed, "O, night of ecstasy!
When shall we meet again?"—Don Carlos then
Led Leonora forth.

Alon. Oh! O, my heart! [*He sinks into a chair.*

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my
soul!

'Tis through his brain, his eyeballs roll in anguish.

[*Aside.*

My lord, my lord, why will you rack me thus?

Speak to me, let me know that you still live.
I'm your own Zanga,
So loved, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—
Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the Moors,
Why should the vanquish'd triumph?

Alon. Oh, she was all!—

My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stoop'd to her, my blood was her possession.
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She lived with life, and far the dearer she.
To think on't is the torment of the damn'd ;
And not to think on't is impossible.
How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul !
How bright the eye that set it in a flame !
How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace
For years to slumber, unawaked by care !
How fierce the transport ! how sublime the bliss !
How deep, how black, the horror and despair !

Zan. You said you'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.

Am I not most distracted?

Zan. Pray, be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes :—be thou assured of that.

Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo?

Alon. Villain, no !

He died in the harbour—he was murder'd there !
I am his demon though—My wife !—my wife !—

Zan. He weeps,—he weeps ! *[Aside.]*

Alon. O villain, villain, most accursed !

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed ?

Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.

I knew it not :—I saw them in the garden ;
But saw no more than you might well expect
To see in lovers destined for each other.

Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,
Till after-proofs conspired to blacken it ?

Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not
out,

(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)
Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
In duty, and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter—for I want thee.

"O, night of ecstasy!"—Ha! was't not so?
I will enjoy this murder,—Let me think—
The jasmine bower—'tis secret and remote;
Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.
[*Exit ZANGA.*

How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!
"When shall we meet again?"—To-night, in hell.

Enter LEONORA.

Ha! I'm surprised! I stagger at her charms!

Leon. My lord, excuse me; see, a second time
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspired by you.

Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all—but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy. Oh!

Leon. Why sighs my lord?

Alon. I sigh'd not, Leonora.

Leon. I thought you did; your sighs are mine,
my lord,

And I shall feel them all.

Alon. Dost flatter me?

Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far, indeed, I stretch'd the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.

Alon. What rite?

Leon. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

Leon. And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness,
As on the health of virtue.

Alon. Virtue!—Damn—

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth ;
But when the soul and body of a piece
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as
yours ;—

If fair and innocent, I am your due.

Alon. Innocent !

[*Aside.*

Leon. How—My lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life, I must not part with thee ;
This hand is mine—O, what a hand is here !
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost !

Leon. In tears, my lord ?

Alon. What less can speak my joy !
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes :
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction—

Leon. My lord, you fright me :
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour ?
Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me ?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me ?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
That heart which I have purchased with my own !
Lay it before me then ; it is my due.
Unkind Alonzo ! though I might demand it,
Behold I kneel ! See, Leonora kneels !
The bride foregoes the homage of her day,
And deigns to be a beggar for her own !

[*Takes his Hand.*

Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord—my lord !

Alon. Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the Floor.*

Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I conceived ?

And is it thus a wedded life begins ?

What did I part with, when I gave my heart ?
The maid, that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety. [*Rises.*
Where shall I sigh ?—where pour out my complaints ?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber ;
I soon will follow ; that, which now disturbs thee,
Shall be cleared up, and thou shalt not condemn me.
[*Exit LEON.*

O, how like innocence she looks !—What, stab her !
And rush into her blood !—I never can !
Mine is the guilt—mine—to supplant my friend.—
How then ? Why thus——no more ; it is determined.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.

Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting our human nature, and effect it ? [*Aside.*

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man ? the smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year,
Our life is but a chain of many deaths ;
Can then death's self be fear'd ? our life much rather.
Life is the desert, life the solitude,
Death joins us to the great majority :
'Tis to be borne to Platos, and to Cæsars ;
'Tis to be great for ever ;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.

Alon. No, Zanga, the greatest guilt is mine,
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love :

These, and a thousand tokens more ; and yet,—
For which the saints absolve my soul,—did wed !

Zan. Whither tends this ?

Alon. To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious ;

But just resentment to myself, bears in it
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.
He, who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does in some sort that reason deify,
And take a flight at heaven.

Zan. Alas, my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
You cannot close an eye, that is so bright,
You cannot strike a breast, that is so soft,
That has ten thousand ecstasies in store
For Carlos——No, my lord, I mean for you.

Alon. O, through my heart and marrow ! Pr'ythee
spare me :

Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.
I own, I tried, I quarrell'd with my heart,
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death ;
But, oh, her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men.

Farewell, then, my best lord, since you must die !
Oh, that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness close these eyes,
Against those scenes, which I am doom'd to suffer !

Alon. What dost thou mean ?

Zan. And is it then unknown ?
Oh, grief of heart, to think that you should ask it !
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
Else could you doubt, when you are laid in dust——
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,

Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

Alon. Distraction!—But, Don Carlos, well thou
know'st,

Is sheathed in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

Zan. Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush like lightning to her arms!
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee!—
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,
Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:
Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.

Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die,
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.

'Tis my command. [Gives his Signet.]

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, sir! think, think again. Are all men
buried

In Carlos' grave? You know not womankind.
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modest zone, with which it was first tied,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the
former;

Another, and another, and another!
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.
I am convinced; I must not, will not die.

Zan. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good;
If you forget, the world will call you wise;

If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you very, very kind.

Alon. Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies ;
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set
up

The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right, in stern despite to Nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd ?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars ;
Another slew a sister in just rage ;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.

Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name !
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd——do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

Alon. 'Tis done!—Again new transports fire my
brain :

I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together ;
See that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And music gives the elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night ;
Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,
And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there ;
He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round her nuptial bed. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*Another Apartment in the Palace**Enter ZANGA and ALONZO.**Alon.* Is Carlos murder'd?*Zan.* I obey'd your order.

Six ruffians overtook him on the road :

He fought as he was won't, and four he slew.

Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.

His last breath blest Alonzo, and desired

His bones might rest near yours.

Alon. O Zanga, Zanga !

But I'll not think :

It is a day of darkness,

Of contradictions, and of many deaths.

Where's Leonora then ? Quick, answer me :

I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.

I find thy artifice did take effect,

And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood you were wont,

On any great surprise, but chiefly then,

When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason ;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted ;
But such the honest artifice I used,
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.
But what design you, sir, and how ?

Alon. I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her ; the appointment's made ;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight,
And then with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [Exit,

Zan. Why get thee gone ! horror and night go with
thee.

Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand ;
Go dance around the bower, and close them in ;
And tell them, that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for the ambrosial rose,
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air.
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves ;
May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them !
[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Bower.—LEONORA sleeping.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Ye amaranths ! ye roses, like the morn !
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves !
Are ye not blasted as I enter in ;
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower !
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receivest
A murderer !——[*He advances.*] Ha ! she sleeps—
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
Oh, what a sight is here ! how dreadful fair !
Who would not think that being innocent ?
Oh, my distracted heart !—Oh, cruel Heaven !
To give such charms as these, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner !
But see, she smiles ! I never shall smile more.
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

[*Going, he starts back.*

Ha ! smile again ? She dreams of him she loves.
Curse on her charms ! I'll stab her through them all.

[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*

Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

Alon. Ye powers ! with what an eye she mends the
day !

While they were closed I should have given the blow.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What says my lord ?

Alon. Why, this Alonzo says ;

If love were endless, men were gods ; 'tis that
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain——
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

Leon. Alas, my lord ! why talk you of the grave ?
Your friend is dead : in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss ; repair it with my love.

Alon. Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft ! I would
say,
Thou brightest angel ! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadst thou this ? enchantress, tell me where,
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain ?
But, Oh, those eyes ! those murderers ! Oh, whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs ? From
heaven ?

Thou didst : and 'tis religion to adore them.

Leon. My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts.
Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed ! it hurried me away ;
But I come home again—and now for justice——
And now for death——It is impossible——

[*Draws his Dagger.*]

I leave her to just Heaven.

[*Drops the Dagger, and exit.*]

Leon. Ha ! a dagger !

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Wither his hand, that held the steel in vain !
That dagger found will cause her to enquire,—
What can be done ? That's something still. If not,
'Tis all I can ; it shall be so. [*Aside.*]

Leon. O, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears !
Alonzo dropp'd this dagger as he left me,
And left me in a strange disorder too.
What can this mean ? Angels preserve his life !

Zan. Yours, madam, yours.

Leon. What, Zanga, dost thou say ?

Zan. Carry you goodness, then, to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heav'ns!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
Why? wherefore? on what shadow of occasion
O how the great man lessens to my thought!
How could so mean a vice as jealousy
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
I scorn, and hate; yet love him, and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
Till from himself I know it. [*Exit.*

Zan. This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she with violence
Upbraids him; he, not doubting she is guilty,
Rages no less; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

Enter ALONZO.

My lord——

Alon. O Zanga, hold thy peace! I am no coward,
But Heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well-being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord, her guilt——

Alon. Perdition on thee, Moor,
For that one word!
I love her to distraction.
If 'tis my shame, why be it so——I love her;
Nor can I help it; 'tis imposed upon me
By some superior and resistless power.
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It shocks my nature like a stroke from Heaven.
But see, my Leonora comes—Begone.

[*Exit ZANGA*

Enter LEONORA.

O seen for ever, yet for ever new !
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas, my lord !

What need of this to me ?

Alon. Ha ! dost thou weep ?

Leon. Have I no cause ?

Alon. If love is thy concern,

Thou hast no cause : none ever loved like me.

Oh, that this one embrace would last for ever !

Leon. These tears declare how much I taste the
joy

Of being folded in your arms and heart ;

My universe does lie within that space.

This dagger bore false witness.

Alon. Ha, my dagger !

It rouses horrid images. Away,

Away with it ; and let us talk of love.

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love.

Leon. Of death !

Alon. As thou lovest happiness——

Leon. Of murder !

Alon. Then must I fly for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me.

Alon. Yet, yet dismiss me ; I am all in flames.

Leon. Who has most cause, you or myself ? What
act

Of my whole life encouraged you to this ?

Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you ?

You find me kind, and think me kind to all ;

The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.

He, that can stoop to harbour such a thought,

Deserves to find it true.

Alon. Oh, sex, sex, sex !

The language of you all. Ill-fated woman !

Why wilt thou force me back into the gulf
Of agonies I had block'd up from thought?
But since thou hast replunged me in my torture,
I will be satisfy'd.—Confess, confess,—
Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha, Don Carlos!

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,
That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Darest thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow, then, to thy heart——

[She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.]

Alon. Hoa, Zanga! Isabella! hoa! she bleeds!
Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This the only way I would wound thee,
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to save
her!

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and
tremble:

But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
What hast thou done? Whom censured?—Leonora!
When thou hadst censured, thou wouldst save her
life:

O inconsistent! Should I live in shame;
Or stoop to any other means but this
To assert my virtue? No; she who disputes,
Admits it possible she might be guilty.

While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,
While it might look like an excuse to thee,
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence :
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound,
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[ISABELLA leads out LEONORA.]

Alon. Ha ! was this woman guilty ?—And if not—
How my thoughts darken that way ! Grant, kind
Heaven,
That she prove guilty ; or my being end.
Is that my hope, then ?

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
In hell, a refuge from severer pain ? [Exit.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and
vengeance ?

Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan—
Ha ! that were well—but that were fatal too—
Why, be it so—Revenge so truly great
Would come too cheap if bought with less than life.
Come, death, come, hell, then ! 'tis resolved, 'tis
done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah, Zanga, see me tremble ! Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill ?—Poor Leonora—

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last
breath.

What then ? We all must die.

Isa. Alonzo raves,
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,
He calls his friends that save him, his worst foes,

And importunes the skies for swift perdition.

After a pause,

He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,

For Zanga raved ; and see, he seeks you here,

To learn that truth, which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate
all. [Exit ISABELLA.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh, Zanga !

Zan. Do not tremble so, but speak.

Alon. I dare not. [Falls on him.

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not cause ?

Zan. As yet you have no cause.

Alon. Dost thou too rave ?

Zan. Your anguish is to come :

You much have been abused.

Alon. Abused ! by whom ?

Zan. To know were little comfort.

Alon. O 'twere much !

Zan. Indeed !

Alon. By Heaven ! Oh, give him to my fury !

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.

Know, then, 'twas—I.

Alon. Am I awake ?

Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me ;

And I, I let thee know it—that's another.

I urged Don Carlos to resign his mistress ;

I forged the letter ; I disposed the picture ;—

I hated, I despised, and I destroy.

Alon. Oh !

[Swoons.

Zan. Why, this is well—why, this is blow for
blow !

Where are you ? Crown me, shadow me with lau-
rels,

Ye spirits, which delight in just revenge !

Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;
 Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice:
 O, my dear countrymen, look down, and see
 How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
 I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.
 But this is mercy, this is my indulgence;
 'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
 I must awake him into horrors. Ho!
 Alonzo, ho! the Moor is at the gate!
 Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
 Thou, who dost all subdue.

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my character.
 Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,
 The Moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:
 (Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
 But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
 Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
 Shines here to give an awe of one above thee?
 When the great Moorish king, Abdallah, fell,
 Fell by thy hand accursed, I fought fast by him,
 His son, though, through his fondness, in disguise,
 Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe——
 Ha! does it wake thee?——O'er my father's corse
 I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
 And then was made the captive of a squadron,
 And sunk into thy servant——But, Oh! what,
 What were my wages! Hear nor Heaven, nor
 earth!

My wages were a blow! by Heaven, a blow!
 And from a mortal hand!

Alon. Oh, villain, villain!

Zan. All strife is vain. [Showing a Dagger.

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompense? Make friends of tigers!
 Lay not your young, O, mothers, on the breast,
 For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
 And pay you for their nourishment with death.

Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying !
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
Oh, shame ! Oh, guilt ! Oh, horror ! Oh, remorse !
Oh, punishment ! Had Satan never fall'n,
Hell had been made for me.—Oh, Leonora ! Leonora ! Leonora !

Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?—

Complain of grief ! complain thou art a man.
Priam from fortune's lotty summit fell ;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd ;
Heroes and demigods have known their sorrows ;
Cæsars have wept ; and I have had my blow :
But 'tis revenged, and now my work is done.
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
To make ev'n thee confess that I am just.—
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person, Oh ! thou hast profaned !
Whose reign extinguish'd : What was left to me,
So highly born ? No kingdom, but revenge ;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well.—
Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave ;
But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, ALONZO rushes upon him, and prevents him. Enter DON ALVAREZ, with ATTENDANTS. They seize ZANGA. ALONZO puts the Dagger in his bosom.

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
My father !

Alv. O Alonzo——Isabella,

Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,

Enter MANUEL, who whispers ALVAREZ.

And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.
Thy wife is dead.

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new torments for
him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduced, thou wouldst not know,
That, thus reduced, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me: on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak:
And well I know thou dar'est not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy bloodhounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Again!—'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.—
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do!

[Stabs himself.]

The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd
me,

Were given before; I was already dead;

This only marks my body for the grave.

Afric, thou art revenged.—O, Leonora! [*Dies.*]

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is
yours,

The wheel's prepared, and you shall have it all;

Let me but look one moment on the dead,

And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

[*He goes to ALONZO's Body.*]

Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mien?

Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how
pale

And art thou dead? So is my enmity.

I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,

The conqueror of Afric was my foe.

A lion preys not upon carcases.

This was thy only method to subdue me.

Terror and doubt fall on me: all thy good

Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.

Never had man such funeral applause;

If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.

O vengeance, I have followed thee too far,

And to receive me, hell blows all her fires.

[*Exit, followed by ATTENDANTS.*]

THE END.

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITIONS OF PLAYS, &c.
 PRINTED FOR
 LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| The Mountaineers, 2s 6d | Who wants a Guinea, 2s 6d |
| Inkle and Yarico, 2s 6d | John Bull, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| Poor Gentleman, 2s 6d | Ways and Means, 2s |

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| The Jew, a Comedy, 2s 6d | First Love, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| West Indian, 2s 6d | False Impressions, 2s 6d |
| Wheel of Fortune, 2s 6d | Mysterious Husband, 2s 6d |

By THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq.

- | | |
|--|--|
| School for Prejudice, 2s 6d | The Cabinet, 2s 6d |
| Il Bondocani; or, the Caliph Robber, 1s 6d | The English Fleet, in 1342, an Historical Comic Opera, 2s 6d |
| St David's Day, 1s 6d | The Will for the Deed, a Comedy, 2s |
| The Birth Day, a Comedy, from Kotzebue, 2s | Family Quarrels, 2s 6d |
| The Jew and the Doctor, a Farce, 1s 6d | |

By MRS INCHBALD.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Lovers' Vows, a Play, 2s 6d | Wives as they Were, 2s 6d |
| Every one has his Fault, a Comedy, 2s 6d | Such Things are, 2s 6d |
| To Marry, or not to Marry, a Comedy, 2s 6d | Child of Nature, 2s |
| | Wedding Day, a Comedy, in two Acts, 1s 6d |

REVISED BY J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| Shakspeare's Othello, Moor of Venice, now first printed as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 8vo. 2s 6d | Shakspeare's King John, do. 2s. |
| | Shakspeare's Henry VIII. do. 2s |

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Speed the Plough, 2s 6d | Secrets worth Knowing, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| Zorinski, a Play, 2s 6d | The School of Reform; or How to Rule a Husband, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| The Way to get Married, 2s 6d | |
| A Cure for the Heart Ache, a Comedy, 2s 6d | |

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Lie of the Day, a Comedy, 2s | The Positive Man, 1s 6d |
| Highland Reel, 1s 6d | The Poor Soldier, 1s 6d |
| The Farmer, an Opera, 1s 6d | Wild Oats, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| Modern Antiques, a Farce, 1s 6d | The Castle of Andalusia, an Opera, 2s 6d |
| Love in a Camp; or, Patrick in Prussia, 1s 6d | Sprigs of Laurel, 1s 6d |
| | Prisoner at Large, 1s 6d |

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS, Esq.

<p>The Delinquent, 2s 6d The Will, a Comedy, 2s 6d Folly as it Flies, 2s 6d Life, a Comedy, 2s 6d Management, a Comedy, 2s 6d Laugh when you can, 2s 6d The Dramatist, 2s 6d</p>	<p>Notoriety, a Comedy, 2s 6d How to grow Rich, 2s 6d The Rage, a Comedy, 2s 6d Speculation, a Comedy, 2s 6d The Blind Bargain, 2s 6d Fortune's Fool, 2s 6d Werter, a Tragedy, 2s</p>
---	--

The Honey Moon, a Comedy, by John Tobin, 2s 6d
The Duenna, a Comic Opera, by Mr Sheridan, 2s 6d
The Heiress, a Comedy, by General Burgoyne, 2s 6d
The Road to Ruin, a Comedy, by Mr Holcroft, 2s 6d
Deserted Daughter, a Comedy, by ditto, 2s 6d
The Belle's Stratagem, a Comedy, by Mrs Cowley, 2s 6d
Which is the Man? a Comedy, by do. 2s 6d
England Preserved, a Tragedy, by Mr Watson, 2s 6d
The Bank Note, a Comedy, by Mr Macready, 2s 6d
The Votary of Wealth, a Comedy, by Mr Holman, 2s 6d
Ramah Droog; or, Wine does Wonders, by J. Cobb, Esq. 2s 6d
Mary, Queen of Scots, a Tragedy, by Hon. Mr St John, 2s 6d
The Stranger, a Play, as performed at Drury Lane, 2s 6d
The Maid of Bristol, a Play, by Mr Boaden, 2s
Raising the Wind, a Farce, by Mr Kenney, 1s 6d
Too many Cooks, by ditto, 1s 6d
Matrimony, a Petit Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
The Point of Honour, a Play, by Mr C. Kemble, 2s
What is She? a Comedy, 2s 6d
Wife in the Right, a Comedy, by Mrs Griffiths, 2s 6d
Julia; or, the Italian Lover, a Tragedy, by Mr Jephson, 2s 6d
Clementina, a Tragedy, by Kelly, 2s 6d
Doctor and Apothecary, a Farce, 1s 6d
Smugglers, a Farce, 1s 6d
First Floor, a Farce, 1s 6d
Tit for Tat, a Farce, 1s 6d
Sultan, a Farce, 1s 6d
Match for a Widow, an Opera, 1s 6d
Turnpike Gate, a Farce, by Knight, 1s 6d
Soldier's Return, a Farce, 1s 6d
Hartford Bridge, a Farce, by Mr Pearce, 1s 6d
The Midnight Wanderers, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
Netley Abbey, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
Arrived at Portsmouth, a Farce, by ditto, 1s 6d
The Mysteries of the Castle, by Mr Andrews, 2s 6d
The Irishman in London, a Farce, by Mr Macready, 1s 6d
Lock and Key, a Farce, by Mr Hoare, 1s 6d
Marian, an Opera, by Mrs Brookes, 1s 6d







3 2044 072 050 107

ONSERVED
2 July
2002
RD COLLEGE

